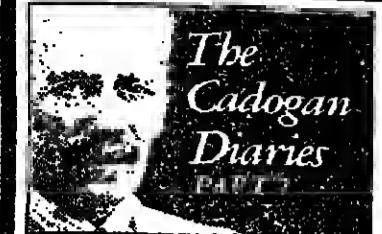




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At the end of 1940, Churchill decided to replace Halifax as Foreign Secretary with Anthony Eden. For Sir Alexander Cadogan, the permanent head of the Foreign Office, it meant working out a new partnership, and at first he had misgivings. In his private diary he expressed dismay as Eden began—so Cadogan then thought—with a series of blunders.

This extract from the diary begins with the manoeuvres which brought Eden to the Foreign Office and continues through some of the most momentous diplomatic events of the war, with Cadogan ever-present at Churchill's side.

The complete diaries—a remarkably frank wartime record written from a unique position at the very centre of affairs—are to be published for the first time next month. They have been edited by David Dilks.



ABOVE: On board HMS Prince of Wales during the Atlantic meeting of Churchill and Roosevelt in August 1941. Cadogan is on the right, next to Roosevelt's personal adviser, Harry Hopkins. One of Cadogan's jobs was to draft the "Atlantic Charter" in which the two war leaders jointly declared their war aims and principles.

RIGHT: Eden boards a Lysander for a visit to front-line troops, late in 1940



12.30, Winston rang me up from Chequers about some telegrams from Belgrade which I hadn't seen. Nothing for it but to get up, dress and go to the Foreign Office and ring him from there. Found messages from Prince Paul showing he was sending an officer to Athens to find out what help he could expect. This may be a good sign. So rang up Winston and told him I'd send a telegram to Athens urging that the utmost encouragement should be given. (Have since been ticked off by Anthony for doing anything from here except through him!) So I needn't have been to all that trouble! But just as well to do it, as Winston talked about the Foreign Office being "shut down". Must see about this.

Wonder whether Yugoslavia really will do anything! What a chance to give the bloody ice-creamers the final kick in the pants!

Monday, 10 March
Cabinet met in the Dollis Hill War Room (in north-western suburbs of London). Arrangements impressively good. P.M. not there—has slight bronchitis. I am in difficulty, as I didn't know this, and didn't know how much he'd want me to tell them. Gave them a hazy general impression (there isn't much definite news, as matter of fact). Sir Robert Menzies then held forth for 40 minutes on Australian war effort. Very impressive, but no one but an Australian would have done it! However, he didn't do it badly.

Friday, 14 March
No decisive news. Jugs still hesitant. Turks tightly enclosed in their shell. I really have more hopes of the former than of the latter. Look at the latter's form: they have so far carefully evaded every obligation they ever took! But I haven't much hope of the former... 4.15 Maisky, to introduce his new Counsellor. I rather like Maisky, although—or perhaps because—he's such a crook. P.M. instructing Anthony to stay in Middle East. I believe that's right! We can carry on here, I hope.

Thursday, 6 March
Anthony has evidently committed us up to the hilt. Telegram this morning gives text of agreement signed with Greeks... Cabinet at 6. Awkward discussion. P.M. evidently thinks we can't go back on Anthony and Dill, and I don't think we can—though I would if I could see any better alternative! Kingsley Wood, A. V. Alexander and John Anderson evidently out for Anthony's blood.

Friday, 21 March
Everything fairly quiet, and I wasn't overwhelmed with papers, and P.M. quiescent. Yugoslavs seem to have sold their souls to the Devil. All these Balkan peoples are trash. Poor dears—I know their difficulties. They've got no arms, and no money and no industry.

Monday, 24 March
All the news from the Balkans is bad: the Yugoslavs are collapsing and the Turks are running out. The former are hard to blame, but the latter are the villains. So far, they've done nothing but evade every obligation...

Tuesday, 25 March
Jugs are signing—silly, feeble mugs... P.M. sent for me at 3.15... Then he spoke to me

continued on next page

EDEN'S 'DIPLOMATIC BLUNDER'

Monday, 15 December, 1940
I found P.M. [Churchill] had sent telegram last night to Washington telling them to sound residence informally about appointment of Lloyd George as Ambassador. I ascertained that Halifax (who met P.M. at lunch yesterday) had agreed to this, if they had both forgotten to approach the King!

Monday, 16 December
Halifax came in... to say Lloyd George had refused on health grounds.

Tuesday, 17 December

Beaverbrook told Halifax at he ought to take the Embassy at Washington himself. Whether his feeling was due to genuine conviction about Washington or to a desire to get me out of the Foreign Office, I am not quite sure," wrote the latter.

Wednesday, 18 December

Halifax has had a letter from M. asking him to go to Washington. He doesn't want to, and suggested how he should put his doubts to Winston. He and I went over to see Winston at

11.40—about Portuguese suggestion for Staff talks. I then left them to discuss Washington... P.M. pressed him on Washington and would appoint Anthony Eden in his place. Halifax left at 7 to see Anthony... Anthony says he won't take the Foreign Office. He may have to! Halifax asks me to think of other candidates. There are very few. Mine would be Malcolm MacDonald but I gather P.M. regards him as rat-poison on account of his connexion with Eire ports...

Friday, 20 December

Halifax showed me a letter from Winston v. definitely pressuring him about Washington. Saying it was the important spot; that he could have Gerald Campbell, so as to free him to come back here occasionally: he could resume his seat in War Cabinet whenever he did come back.

Picked up Halifax at 11.45 to go to Lothian Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey. Dorothy [Lady Halifax] there, furious at Winston's letter. Declared

she would see P.M. herself... Halifax—and Dorothy!—went off after to No. 10. Saw them on their return. They had found it useless. Dorothy recognised this—had realised P.M.'s object really was to get rid of Halifax. I said that had been my own conclusion. (When Halifax had said to me this morning that it was not a plot to get rid of him, I didn't contradict him as, if in the end he stayed, it would have done no good to have injected poison into their relations). It's true, I'm afraid—and Winston is making a grave mistake—at this end.

The Prime Minister told Lady Halifax that Washington would give her husband the opportunity to do a piece of work reflecting much personal credit. He had been conscious of certain currents of opposition to Halifax's tenure of the Foreign Office. The Foreign Secretary's diary observes that for onward intent to consider the personal advantages would seem unintelligible to Churchill: 'nobody could have been kinder than he was, but he and Dorothy were certainly talking a different language and she said she felt an abyss between his thought and hers.'

At the official lunch of farewell, in early January, 1941, Halifax (formerly Viceroy of India) recalled the words of a railway official in India whom he had thanked for the excellent arrangements: 'It has always been a very great pleasure to see you off.' 'No doubt many of you here today are animated by feelings no less kindly than those of that station-master.'

Sunday, 22 December

Thatched Cottage
Walked past Dixter on Ewhurst path down to the bottom. Then right to the railway, where I found an old gentleman, a sort of platelayer, eyeing doubtfully a football in the ditch by the side of the permanent way. He asked me—did I think this suspicious? I said everything was suspicious nowadays. The ball was plainly visible: it couldn't have been lost. It was spherical—blown up—so it wasn't thrown away. He said—how did it get there? I said two boys had been throwing it about in a compartment of the train, and it had gone through the window. He said that it would then have been on the track, till I reminded him that inflated footballs bounced. However, I didn't want to touch it any more than he did. I wanted neither a football nor an early grave, so I told him to "report" it. This filled him with importance and we walked along the line for three-quarters of a mile in pleasant, banal and rather unintelligible converse...

Quite a pleasant weekend. I have had 13 out of 52 this year!

Monday, 23 December

Halifax's appointment in press, and Anthony Eden to succeed him... Had talk with Halifax, who is resigned (both senses) and rather resentful... Cabinet at 12.

At a point in the proceedings, PM made little speech voicing Cabinet's gratitude to Halifax for assuming this most important task. I looked up and saw the Beaver opposite me, hugging himself, beaming and almost winking. I didn't know what to do: I don't want to be privy to any of the Beaver's schemes (if

it was his scheme). So I tried to look cordially shocked... P.M. sent for me about 3. I thought to be sacked! But he wanted to protest against all our amendments to his broadcast [to the Italian people]. I persuaded him to take one, but had to let him discard the others. He then kept me for a chat. Explained that there was growing criticism of Halifax which led to attacks on the "Foreign Office"!...

Monday, 30 December

Very heavy attack last night—mostly incendiary on the City. Could see a tremendous glow when I went to bed. Dirty dogs... Halifax came in in afternoon. Have had very nice note from him... Anthony now living in the Foreign Office. Don't know whether that will turn out a good thing or a bad.

It would be pointless to pretend that relations between Eden and Cadogan were invariably untroubled. But a diary kept in telegraphic style by a much-harassed official does not always contain considered views. It is well to remember that according to the published evidence one to the testimony of those who knew them together, Cadogan and Eden had high respect for each other. Sir Alec did not read the whole of his diary for the war years. When, however, he saw again his entries for the half of 1941, he said:

I see that I sometimes wrote rather sharply about Anthony. I don't think my Secretary of State I served excelled him in finesse, or as a negotiator, or in knowledge of foreign affairs. When something had to be done, Anthony would long to do it. That quality was perhaps carried to a fault; but it was on the whole a good fault for a Foreign Secretary. No one worked harder. And then to take on the Leadership of the House! How he endured those awful gaseous Members I shall never know.

Tuesday, 31 December

Anthony Eden in rather a flap. When he was at the War Office he seemed admirable, but I fear that here he is getting as jumpy as ever...

I generally write a little homily on New Year's Eve. I haven't much to say tonight—except that worse things have happened during this year than we could have expected. But one thing is much better than anyone could have hoped—and that is the British spirit. I am amazed at the courage of my fellow-countryman. I am rather a physical coward, and I can't say how I admire the courage I see all round me. Theo [Cadogan's wife], in the first place, is marvelous. I couldn't have thought she could stand the kind of thing she's been through. But she is far braver than I am, and more practical and more helpful. Such a spirit can not be beaten. Everything—on paper—is against us, but we shall live. I don't frankly see how we are going to win, but I am convinced that we shall not lose...

Wednesday, 1 January

Glad to find P.M. has sent a sobering telegram to our temperamental Secretary of State, saying "You appear to have got nothing out of the Turks." And that is true: he is going on a lemon-gathering expedition, and he has only got that ninny Dill with him. (Wavell is in Cairo.) I rang up No. 10 to make sure Wavell was being kept informed. This stunt trip is a most disastrous one. And Anthony seems quite gay about it. The only explanation I can conceive... is that Anthony expected the Turks to react strongly against our giving all our help to the Greeks. And of course the Turks didn't. They, quite rightly, don't expect to be attacked—yet. But that doesn't help the Greeks—or us. What the hell is Anthony going to say to Greeks and Yugoslavs? It's a diplomatic and strategic blunder of the first order.

Monday, 7 March

Cabinet at 12, which practically decided to go ahead in Balkans. On nice balance, I think this is right.

Churchill assured Eden immediately that by this decision the Cabinet had taken upon itself "the fullest responsibility."

Saturday, 8 March

Had just got into bed, and trying to go to sleep when, at

midnight and on which they may make decisions as to their policy in a critical moment. He may have had to do it to prevent an immediate collapse. But really I think his head is turned a little.

Thursday, 6 March

Anthony has evidently committed us up to the hilt. Telegram this morning gives text of agreement signed with Greeks... Cabinet at 6. Awkward discussion. P.M. evidently thinks we can't go back on Anthony and Dill, and I don't think we can—though I would if I could see any better alternative! Kingsley Wood, A. V. Alexander and John Anderson evidently out for Anthony's blood.

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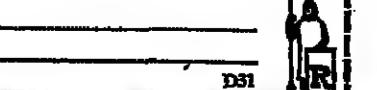
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THE CADOGAN DIARIES

continued from preceding page

Son of a bitch, which I told to be Tsvetkovitch, but found he meant Stoyadovitch [Yugoslav Prime Minister, 1935-39].

Thursday, 27 March

Good news on arriving at the Foreign Office of coup d'état in Belgrade. Went to see P.M. at 11.40. He due to make speech at 12. Gave him his phrase "Yugoslav nation has found its soul," which was featured by evening papers...

Tuesday, 28 March

Yugoslavia's defiance of Hitler, recorded by the diarist in the above entry, led to the German invasion of the country, the sudden collapse of which in the middle of April, 1941, put the heroic Greek army and the British expeditionary force in peril.

Cadogan wrote on April 23:

"We must get out of Greece as soon as we can. The real battle of the war is coming in N. Africa. The Navy seems unable to stop convoys from Italy to Tripoli, and we are going to take a—perhaps vital—knock in Egypt."

A few months later he attended the conference between Roosevelt and Churchill at Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. At this meeting, in HMS Prince of Wales, he drafted two declarations on Sunday, August 10: "Drafted scheme of 'parallel' declarations by US, selves and Dutch, designed to restrain Japanese from further treachery and to provide mutual aid. Also, President last night said he might be prepared to make a joint general Declaration of principles, stating that the draft of the PM approved both, with alterations." The Joint Declaration is better known as the Atlantic Charter.

The diary mors on through such great events as Hitler's attack on Russia and the entry of the US into the conflict. The Desert War continued to bring reverses: "The beating in of our Desert Flank while we were fullspread in the Greek adventure," wrote Churchill of the earlier period, "was a disaster of the first magnitude. There came in June, 1942, another sickening reverse in Libya."

Friday, 19 June

Lihya is evidently a complete disaster—we are out-generalised everywhere. PM's arrival in Washington announced this morning.

Sunday, 21 June

I to the Foreign Office to learn that Tohruk had fallen. It held out for eight months last time, and for about as many hours this. I wonder what is most wrong with our army. Without any knowledge, I should say the Generals. Most depressing.

The Prime Minister had gone to Washington to persuade Roosevelt that the Allied in-

vasion of mainland Europe was not a practical operation in 1942, whatever the Americans might have said to Molotov. On the morning of 21 June, a message was brought to Roosevelt. He handed it across the table to Churchill: "Tobruk has surrendered, with 25,000 men taken prisoners." Churchill was deeply shocked. "What can we do to help?" asked the President. "Give us as many Sherman tanks as you can spare, and ship them to the Middle East as quickly as possible." The Americans sent more than 300.

Wednesday, 23 June

No particular news: Rommel seems to be massing for attack on our frontier positions tomorrow—or earlier. Our poor diplomacy has of course been dealt a fearful blow, in Turkey, Spain, Portugal and elsewhere.

Thursday, 25 June

We are now retiring out of

chunks of Egypt. We have suffered one of the most

decisive defeats ever inflicted.

That defeat had derived in part from the excellence of the intelligence reaching Rommel. The US military attaché in Cairo was supplied with most secret material about Allied plans and movements, and, unhappily, his signals were so insecure that the decodes were reaching Rommel as swiftly as they reached General Marshall in Washington. Not until the attaché's recall in July was this damaging leakage stopped. By then Auchinleck had taken personal command in the desert; the supply lines of the Axis armies were severely extended. The Allies enjoyed air superiority, exercised with notable flexibility and skill. Rommel's headlong progress towards the Nile was over.

Monday, 29 June

3.15 saw Anthony Eden, who said PM was in good form, though I don't know why. Rout of our 8th Army in Egypt seems to be as complete as any in history.

5.30 Cabinet.

Winston at Chequers, so Attlee presided—like a soured and argumentative mouse.

Returning to London at the end of June, Churchill found that a by-election had gone to badger the Government. On 2 July the Commons debated the motion: "That this House, while paying tribute to the heroism and endurance of the Armed Forces of the Crown in circumstances of exceptional difficulty, has no confidence in the central direction of the war."

The motion was lost by 475 to 25. "Les ring-ring-cing canailles," Churchill described them picturesquely. "qui ont voté contre moi."

Thursday, 2 July

Yesterday's debate a deplorable spectacle. Talk with Anthony about Egypt (arrangements for evacuation, etc.). PM apparently in a high state

ordering surrender will, after the war, he tried for his life and have to justify himself.

The General in Tohruk ordered surrender, it seems, to "save bloodshed." But how much blood did he let by doing so? Unfortunately, he's a S. African, so we can't do anything about him.

Wednesday, 8 July

Had a talk with Anthony. Had a Second Front in Europe this year definitely off. President wants to do "Gymnast" [projected landings in French North Africa, later called "Torch"].

I think that simply a dispersal of effort, but it will keep Russians going, may be worthwhile. Wrote a paper for Anthony tonight suggesting how it might be presented to Russians. But I'm not sure!

Very gloomy outlook and Cahill yesterday seems to have been very depressing. Chiefs of Staffs have no ideas

about the heroism and endurance of the Armed Forces of the Crown in circumstances of exceptional difficulty, has no confidence in the central direction of the war."

The motion was lost by 475 to 25. "Les ring-ring-cing canailles," Churchill described them picturesquely. "qui ont voté contre moi."

Thursday, 15 July

I talked to Anthony about various things, including our operational plans. We have made up our minds against Second Front this year. This, I am afraid, is right—sad though

it is, is becoming distracted...

PM lay on his bed in his underwear and held forth to us. He seemed none the worse for the journey. We didn't have to go very high—not over 12,000ft.

We got off the ground at 6 pm—very hot until we got high up—started up the Mediterranean, then cut across the African coast and went inland, keeping south of the trouble and making for the Nile, then down to Cairo, where we landed at 8 am—14 hours for, I think, about 2,200 miles good going.

Miles Lampson and everyone drawn up to meet us. I chatted with him for about 20 minutes and then jumped at his suggestion that I should go on to the Embassy.

Jacqueline [Lady Lampson] met me at the door—expecting, I suppose, the PM—and we had a chat while I drank coffee and ate fresh figs. She wanted all sorts of tips as to how to treat the PM. I did my best for her!

Small lunch party here—I sat next to Tedder, the Air Marshal, whom I had met in London.

Smuts arrived in the middle. I'd never met him before. He's certainly impressive and very good company—one of the few men whom I think the PM really respects, and to whom he will listen.

About 5.30 Auchinleck flew

and oppose everything. PM said, "We'd better put an advertisement in the papers, asking for ideas!"

Thursday, 9 July

Gave Anthony a paper I wrote last night on how to put change of plans to the Russians. He thought it ingenious. He took me off to Cabinet at 12. Subject—Post-War Relief. PM arrived in high dudgeon, and enjoyed himself enormously. He devoted himself to attacking Cabinet decision taken last Monday week in his absence—to tell Americans that, as part of general plan for relief, we should be prepared to keep on "a system of rationing after the war." His line was: "Are we to tell the British soldier, returning from the war, that he is to tighten his belt and starve, in order that Roumanians may bathe on the fat of the land? I've never heard of such a thing." In vain, Eden, Cripps, Attlee, Bevin and Co. told him that nor had they that was an outrageous proposition, but didn't happen to be the one that they had subscribed to.

Winston began again, "Are we, who alone saved the world during a whole year, to go short while Americans eat what they will, free of all restriction?" etc. etc. No arguing with that. Kingsley Wood was on velvet. He and PM the only ones against the rest of the Cabinet and Kingsley felt quite safe with such support. He kept interjecting comment—and got roundly smacked on the head. He insisted that the Board of Trade had quickly sent off their instructions after the snap division in the Cabinet. Dalton, quick as lightning, said, "The Board of Trade work quite quickly when not obstructed by the Treasury." Great fun. And Winston enjoyed it more than anyone (except me).

Monday, 13 July

Lunched with Anthony in Park, who said PM off to Egypt had had a Cabinet about it at 1 am. Anthony went off to see PM. Heard he was fixed on the trip, and I shall have to go with him. Martin tells me PM's doctor, Attlee and Anderson trying to dissuade him from going. Heard later he insisted on doing so, but probably Saturday night—not tomorrow night!... Bore not knowing one's plans. Don't know yet for sure, as PM has still to be tested tomorrow morning for "high flying."

The next entries are taken from Cadogan's letters to his wife, Lady "Mélienne," the interpolations drawn upon published accounts and upon a record which Cadogan composed in retirement.

Monday, 3 August

We got off all right on Saturday/Sunday night from a West Country airfield. I don't give you the name—not out of any consideration for secrecy—but because I'm not sure of it myself.

The PM, his doctor, Private Secretary, ADC, Valet and Detective got off the ground about 12.30 am. We followed about an hour later.

We landed at Giza at 8.30 (7 hours' flight). We went straight to Government House where PM had already arrived...

PM lay on his bed in his underwear and held forth to us. He seemed none the worse for the journey. We didn't have to go very high—not over 12,000ft.

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Small lunch party here—I sat next to Tedder, the Air Marshal, whom I had met in London.

Smuts arrived in the middle. I'd never met him before. He's certainly impressive and very good company—one of the few men whom I think the PM really respects, and to whom he will listen.

About 5.30 Auchinleck flew

it might be. We want Americans to do "Gymnast," President would probably be willing. But Marshall against. I fear his idea is that, if [Operation] "Sledgehammer" [plan for an assault on Cherbourg or Brest in 1942] is off, America must turn her attention to the Pacific. This is all rather disquieting... We have decided, I am glad to say, to sail no more northern convoys to Russia. It really isn't good enough. Nearly 500 tanks at the bottom of the sea as a result of last attempt. (Only 4 ships out of 33 safe at present.) That does the Russians no good. PM consulting President about this, and how to put it to Russians.

Eventually clever merchant ships in this convoy, PQ7, staggered on to Archangel; the other twenty-three were sunk.

Sunday, 26 July

In Egypt the Auk, after his good old 1916 battle of artillery harrage and infantry attack(!), seems to have been brought to standstill! I wish de Gaulle were CIGS...

Thursday, 30 July

Lovely day. Met Anthony in Park, who said PM off to Egypt had had a Cabinet about it at 1 am. Anthony went off to see PM. Heard he was fixed on the trip, and I shall have to go with him. Martin tells me PM's doctor, Attlee and Anderson trying to dissuade him from going. Heard later he insisted on doing so, but probably Saturday night—not tomorrow night!... Bore not knowing one's plans. Don't know yet for sure, as PM has still to be tested tomorrow morning for "high flying."

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We landed at Giza at 8.30 (7 hours' flight). We went straight to Government House where PM had already arrived...

PM lay on his bed in his underwear and held forth to us. He seemed none the worse for the journey. We didn't have to go very high—not over 12,000ft.

We got off the ground at 6 pm—very hot until we got high up—started up the Mediterranean, then cut across the African coast and went inland, keeping south of the trouble and making for the Nile, then down to Cairo, where we landed at 8 am—14 hours for, I think, about 2,200 miles good going.

Miles Lampson and everyone drawn up to meet us. I chatted with him for about 20 minutes and then jumped at his suggestion that I should go on to the Embassy.

Jacqueline [Lady Lampson] met me at the door—expecting, I suppose, the PM—and we had a chat while I drank coffee and ate fresh figs. She wanted all sorts of tips as to how to treat the PM. I did my best for her!

Small lunch party here—I sat next to Tedder, the Air Marshal, whom I had met in London.

Smuts arrived in the middle. I'd never met him before. He's certainly impressive and very good company—one of the few men whom I think the PM really respects, and to whom he will listen.

About 5.30 Auchinleck flew

it might be. We want Americans to do "Gymnast," President would probably be willing. But Marshall against. I fear his idea is that, if [Operation] "Sledgehammer" [plan for an assault on Cherbourg or Brest in 1942] is off, America must turn her attention to the Pacific. This is all rather disquieting... We have decided, I am glad to say, to sail no more northern convoys to Russia. It really isn't good enough. Nearly 500 tanks at the bottom of the sea as a result of last attempt. (Only 4 ships out of 33 safe at present.) That does the Russians no good. PM consulting President about this, and how to put it to Russians.

The luck of the stars

TELEVISION □ ALAN BRIEN

NCE I used to think of my television set as a kind of ga-ga gran, enthroned in a dark corner like a parrot, endlessly nattering away, repeating the news headlines, interviewing herself, celebrating forgotten anniversaries, laying fulsome tributes to soap stars and corslets, telling jokes, recalling the day war broke out or Queen Victoria died, singing hymns and describing her operations, until you put a sheet over her as she launched into the national Anthem.

Occasionally, the old faggot hit a lively vein (usually the gull) and managed to bore a hole through the protective field of my newspaper or stop me at the door, kettle in hand. At this was a triumph of mendacity—the word invented Horace Walpole to describe the faculty of making happy diversities by accident when looking for something else.

Now, of course, I have to plan my week's watching from the *Tele* Times and *TV Times*, rising them for not being the me magazine, hopefully circling the worthy, important programmes though my frivolous ul interminably years for *Scramble* and *Wise*. The two indies, plays with happy codings and a flash of bare flesh, sped off with old movies. By day morning serendipity has stuck again, as also has its opposite, which must be horrendous. Normally nothing short a raid by the goon squad of *Wingford the Pornbreaker* would make me turn to *Stars on Sunday* (TV). But having hit the wrong station, I am now looking on this misleadingly-titled *Horrorland*.

It is a weird world, the Archbishop of Canterbury bidden above this. Grace Fields, the London Jewish Male Voice Choir emanating with the Hammond Ice Works Band, against a background of ruined arches, stained-glass, and a yellow-green sofa in *Late Marzipan* (or is it *Early Pistachio*) beside a large static lake. In charge is the y I know as Katie, whose weekly bliss is saved weekly. Oxo. But she is not the Katie who advises readers on where to order plate baby's first shoes in *Times*, and, just to confuse everybody, she is really called by Holland. This Miss Holland a sort of rejuvenated Anne Iglesias, dusted with saccharine, resemblance heightened, on y first acquaintance, by overruling her pointless anecdote ut her 101-year-old aunt who'd be a nurse.

This is Christianity on the level of *Wisteria Wobin*, with occasional concessions to showbiz now in the form of heavily le-up nuns or girls with low-necklines singing *Offenbach*, working for God means doing best whatever your job" is typical message. If one really appealing to the drop who follows Jesus. And intention to detail and interest in ds can be gauged by the way Battle Hymn of the Republic sung as dirge with the text reprinted by some illiterate so we have "the lightning of terrible swift sword" and the ters" of the Lord.

serendipity also plunged me the last ten minutes of *Iron* (BBC2)—a programme I ducked on learning from *Times* that "only one person in every fifty that reads escape some form of rebound before their tenth birthday."

"As I finally believe watching programmes about rheumatism, or indeed any disease, is a cause of illness, I had opted Peter Vaughan, most insidious oily of villains, never more than when he is on the side the law, in *The Rivals* of *Rock Holmes* (ITV). Over on I thought it must be ham Kerr silencing ham, until raised with horror that he was raw, and alive, and part human being. But it was allously undisturbing, indeed cheering, partly because the neon as he inserted the metal plastic ball and socket ("a gentle tops... you can see whole patient rocking"), by the sight of the victim

THE OPENING of our winter orchestral season has overlapped with the last stage of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's European tour. And there is no doubt that our visitors have set us a formidable challenge in point of tone and blend, precision and balance, unanimity and attack: in short, the whole corpus of virtues that belongs to the great American orchestras and are now concentrated and exemplified in the work of this particular group. If it was the late Fritz Reiner who raised the Chicago players to their present level, they have certainly maintained it during the current regime of Georg Solti and Carlo Maria Giulini.

The programmes conducted at the Festival Hall on Monday and Tuesday by these two distinguished maestri suffered from drawback: they were too obvious, with nothing unexpected to vary a nuttily but familiar diet of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. Having been otherwise engaged at Smith Square on that night, I did not hear the first of the Chicago concerts, at which Solti's readings of Brahms, Mendelssohn and Bartók (the Concerto for Orchestra, of course) drew such diametrically opposite reactions from the colleagues as I have made from Bean's fingers itch to restart his South Bank "Point and Counter-point" column. But I heard the Chicago bond play for Giulini on Tuesday with the utmost brilliance, vitality and flexibility, and with intoxication of a purity seldom so consistently sustained.

They began with Mozart, the famous E flat symphony No. 39, of which the Andante was notable for perfectly judged tempo and high smoothness of finish. Giulini's spirit has perhaps too little vivacity to make him the perfect Mozartian; his finale was deficient in wit and zest. He was happier with the grand, heroic panorama of Beethoven's Seventh, which was unfolded in masterly style, from the purposeful tread of the Introduction to the dionysiac fervour of the finale, or

Symphonic glories

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

where the massive climaxes were climaxed indeed.

Between the two classical symphonies we heard a performance of a light-weight piece, Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole," which can hardly have been surpassed, and seldom equalled. In the space of a few solo bars the orchestra's leader, Mr Victor Aitay, made us long to hear him in a concerto, or at least in "Ein Heldenleben," or, with his own Spanish gipsy, in a piece of melody, and touched in their comments, with ideal tact, participating with the finely balanced string choir in a perfect unanimity of culling rubato. So long as playing like this is to be heard, the threatened decline of the symphony orchestra may be farther away than some prophets suppose.

Nevertheless, Pierre Boulez and Sir William Glock, their keen ears to the ground, have planned the forthcoming BBC Symphony Orchestra series with just as much research that I noted in the Chicago programmes. Instead of a single location, as in most previous years, we now have three: fourteen regular Wednesday night concerts at the Festival Hall, supplemented by seven more at St John's, Smith Square, and by four experimental evenings at the Round House next year.

The Smith Square series, which opened on Monday, is planned to include major and usually unfamiliar works by Haydn in almost every concert, together with a good deal of Stravinsky, an excellent prospect, were it not for some doubt about the acoustics, which are apparently as awkward for broadcasting as for listening on the spot. Like most churches, St John's is very resonant; it lends grateful support to a sostenuto string or

vocal line, but distorts percussive or staccato effects, and soon builds up an amount of reverberation that can reduce a bright and buoyant 19th-century choral and orchestral fugue to so much fuzz and jangle. If you think of attending any of these concerts, try to sit as far back as possible, where these defects almost vanish and compensating virtues of grandeur, depth and tonal brilliance take their place.

On Monday that very musical young conductor, Jason Elliot Gardner, led his own Monteverdi Choir and the BBC Symphony in a programme of Haydn and Mozart. Haydn's 48th Symphony, "La Passione," sounded under-rehearsed; but the choral works went splendidly for the most part. Mozart's "Vesperae solennes K. 339," scampered through three psalms in a pleasant but superfluous way before reaching the heights in an elaborately contrapuntal "Laudate pueri" with all the strange solemnity that Mozart found in the key of D minor, and in its lovely, floating soprano solo which Elizabeth Harwood could have floated still more exquisitely if the accompaniment had been kept to a murmur. Whereupon, trumpets and drums unveiled a Tiepolo ceiling of C major glory in the concluding "Magnificat."

What Miss Kirilovici could do when roused first appeared in her effortlessly soaring and quietly commanding legato in the Adagio from her second "O patria mia." True to a finely sustained soft high C, "La tra foreste vergini" in the subsequent duet with Radames was sung with subtle grace and visionary intensity, as was her solo verse in the concluding "O terra, addio." She is a real discovery.

Shirley Verrett, in her most elegant vein but out quite in her strongest voice, presented an unusually youthful and subtle Amneris, as far as possible removed from the luscious maturity of the average Italian mezzo. No singer that I have heard in this role comes as near as this fine artist to the ideal shaping of that three-repeated yearning phrase, beginning on a soft high G, during the scene of adornment.

John Matheson conducted a performance in which one or two trifling mishaps were far outbalanced by the rigour and refinement of the rest.

Music for everyone

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

THE WEEK in which for the first time an Emperor of Japan visits London has had its appropriate musical reflection at South Bank: Japanese conductor, composition, traditional instruments and, most auspicious of all, last Monday's Queen Elizabeth Hall concert by Japanese children ranging from nine to 14 years of age.

The Talent Education Method of teaching the violin initiated by Dr Shinichi Suzuki 30 years ago has produced something unique. The perfectly disciplined string-playing of these young people rightly held the large audience spellbound. It was a strangely moving musical experience. No allowances had to be made for their execution of a well-known Vivaldi siciliano and presto, both were impeccable. There were remarkable individual violin performances of the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto and of Bach's solo Chaconne. An 11-year-old cellist threw off Popp's Gavotte with style and assurance.

Is the Suzuki Method a kind of brother-house for string-players? The present supply of musicality is mature. Japanese violinists are now available to European orchestras, as well as the tone, intonation, technique and expressiveness of our young visitors, discussed by such a critic. Next year, the Rural Music Schools Association with some generous Leverhulme and

Gulbenkian aid, begins a five-year programme of investigation into the Suzuki Method and its possible application here. The results could be far-reaching.

Seija Ozawa, another Japanese phenomenon, is better-known among us. His concert with the New Philharmonia and two of his compatriots introduced November Steps No. 1 by another com-patriot, Takemitsu. In this, the *Biu* ("a lute struck by the bats")—an outsize triangular plectrum—and *Shakuhachi* (a more ingratiating bamboo end-blown flute) supply a variously irritating and seductive foreground to an exotic orchestral canvas of often Debussy-like refinement. After the interval, Mr Ozawa wove a less refined accompaniment around Henryk Szering's musical precision in the Brahms violin concerto.

The first of the Gahrieli Quartet's three Elizabeth Hall concerts showed, particularly in Beethoven's Op. 132, the immense strides they have made in their brief four years as an ensemble.



Kerrison Cooke and Nicholas Johnson in "The Maids" by Herbert Ross, the American choreographer who is working for the Royal Ballet for the first time. Their two-week season at Wimbleton opens on Tuesday with "Capricho". "The Maids," based on Genet's play and with the two main roles danced by men, opens on October 19

Empire at sunset

THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

OTHER WRITERS may speak of patriotism more glibly than John Osborne does, but none of them is as passionately devoted to England as he is, as angry when she behaves badly, as is grieved when humiliation is heaped upon her. The bot wots that spring to his lips are the outward sign of the bruised affection within. Except to the deaf, this was as evident in *Look Back in Anger* as it is in *West of Suez*, which has been transferred to the Cambridge Theatre from the Royal Court, where it was brilliantly reviewed by J. W. Lambert.

Mr Osborne knew then, and he knows now, that empires must pass away; that in the largest context it may even be right that they should pass away. But, as Nicholas Selby, as an expatriate novelist, says in "West of Suez," in their passing there is pain. In Mr Selby the pain is allied with dignity, and so loses half its bitterness. But—and this is what wounds Mr Osborne so deeply—in Imperial decline it is not. Soon after Mr Selby has spoken, Sir Ralph Richardson, in the character of an ageing writer, Wyatt Gidman, says that he is afraid of not death, but ludicrous death, and that he feels that this death is in the air. Almost immediately afterwards the death comes: violent, inexorable, and absurd, a thing both to be desired and to weep over in rebellion and shame.

This powerful and troubling ambivalence of feeling Mr Osborne conveys in a reverberating last line as you will hear in any theatre, a line that brings to a fitting conclusion one of his finest works. It is a line that in not more than a dozen words creates in our minds a vision of that English countryside which once seemed eternal, its beauty and its courage, but also its inexplicable, indefensible conventions, and its ruthlessness. Possibly Mr Osborne departs too soon, but the splendour of his despair cannot be denied.

Neither is the wit and the theatrical effectiveness of his play. It should perhaps be seen twice so that its fine and careful construction may be fully appreciated. It is then that beneath the barbed and witty dialogue can be heard most clearly the sound of the at first distant and then approaching drums of disaster.

The scene is an island that was till recently a British colony. The last English are still there, invaded by American tourists, precariously served by sullen natives. The sun shines, but the storm is coming. In the relationship of a not more than ordinarily divided family there is a tension which presages the great calamity that is the play's real subject.

This is masterfully established in the important long opening dialogue between one of Wyatt's daughters and her husband, in which the old traditional phrases of the cultivated English middle class ominously reveal the foreshadowing of a marriage. Jill Bennett, barely concealing a desire for comfort beneath a mask of polite hostility, is both exciting and touching; and Geoffrey Palmer sets up that guarded, unemotional detachment which enables him at the end to pass impressively the play's sad, equivocal judgment.

I have never made any secret of the fact that, of all the great actors it has been my good fortune to see, Ralph Richardson has given me the profoundest and the most enduring pleasure. He has never been more amusing, nor more strangely moving than as Wyatt Gillman. Left alone on the stage at the end of the first act, he stands for a moment silent, as the curtain falls. His face, which has been joyful and good-humoured, suddenly freezes into a look of tramped unexplained terror that sends a shiver through the theatre. It is as if, unprotected, we had been suddenly thrust into outer space. We feel the desperate cold of an unforgiving eternity.

The assault on the last weakened stronghold comes in words that are first controlled in their suppressed bitterness, and then wild and passionate. Sheila Burrell in the scene of the hostile interview is a worthy opponent of Sir Ralph's disguised alertness and Jeffrey Shankley gives enormous force to the small—vocabularied student's frightening attack. Anthony Page's production is delicate and merciless. It moves with consummate ease from the play's gradual menace at the beginning to its shattering end.

The ambivalence that is private in *West of Suez* is private in

James Joyce's *Exiles* (Royal Shakespeare Company; Aldwych). It is interminably unbearable how much of Richard Rowan, the exile who returns home to Ireland a famous writer, is idealism and how much is a desire for self-torture. What emerges from the play is a tragic view of the struggle for freedom from conventional restraint in personal relationships. Joyce seems to say that when the "moral rules go their place in taken by treachery, and his evident reluctance to do so is the source of the play's haunting power. John Wyndham Rowan is a ringing performance. This actor is now fulfilling—indeed, more than fulfilling—the great promise of his astonishing Richard III for the OUDS.

In Harold Pinter's production extreme precision of speech and the nice calculation of pauses are vital factors. Perhaps they were not quite so exact at the Aldwych as at the Mermaid last year. According to my reckoning, on the first night the performance overran by nine minutes in the first act, four in the second, and two in the third.

Carolyn Jenner's *Unicorn* company is undoubtedly the most successful in London in attracting the youngest audiences. Delighted children pack the Arts Theatre at every performance. Deservedly so: the current programme is two short plays by Ted Hughes and by Alan Ayckbourn. Mr Hughes's version of *Beauty and the Beast* is imaginative and poetic, and Mr Ayckbourn's *Ernie's Incredible Illustrations* outrageously ingenious. It is cunningly directed by Miss Jenner herself, especially in the vulnerable arrogance shown by a library attendant by merely walking across a room.

Clive Donner, who directed Alexander Buzo's Australian comedy *The Front Room Boys* (Royal Court; Sunday night), is apparently not so clever as Miss Jenner. Several characters and much of the action were frequently invisible from where I sat in the front row of the stalls. Garfield Morgan and Nickolas Grace give oddly compelling performances at the Open Space in Peter Handke's *My Foot My Tutor*. an interesting wordless experiment that recalls the atmosphere of Grimm's fairy-tales.

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SUDDENLY I have an overpowering longing to let the great names go hang. Of course one can go on and on about Ingmar Bergman, whose *The Touch* (Eastman colour; X) is now at the Prince Charles. But then like Bergman himself one is likely to go on and on saying the same thing. Anyway this week a less familiar hand offers a film which I can't get out of my mind.

Looking for the second time at *Walkabout* (Rialto; director Nicolas Roeg; De Luxe Colour; AA) I recognise more clearly the relevance of details, asides, references to the central theme, the chilling, destructive nature of urban man. The script, based by Edward Bond on a novel by James Vance Marshall, tells the story of a teenage girl and a little boy stranded in the Australian desert. Taken out ostensibly for a picnic, they see their father madly firing at them with his revolver; dragging his brother to cover, the girl watches while the man sets fire to the car and shoots himself. And the protective sister and the little boy who still thinks it is all a game set out to walk. They have no food, no water, and no idea of where they are going. Perhaps I should have said that I couldn't get the film out of my eyes, for it is to the eyes that *Walkabout* speaks. Mr Roeg has painted an Australian landscape, blazing, enormous; and his desert really is a red desert; the sand burns brick-red. From the crests which the castaways climb the boy thinks he is looking at the sea; but it is only an arid plain in which horned, eady creatures, nightmarish in their armoured skins, slide away at human approach. And fondly the camera observes the lizards,

the porcupines, the eagles, all the living things which haunt the dry scrub or the crags.

The very sounds of the desert are desiccated. Everything, even John Barry's evocative music, rustles and scrapes: the ghostly chattering and whispering which you hear as the children sleep is the voice of birds stripping a tree naked. But it is on the images of solitude and drought that the film first depends as setting for this fable of the human condition. And fable it is: the girl in her uniform of hat, blouse, skirt and stockings carrying with her in the deadly situation the precepts proper to the nursery and the schoolroom. Jenny Agutter gives a nicely balanced performance as a young girl shouldering responsibility, never quite betraying her fears. Lucien John as the child too young to understand his danger charmingly carries on as if totally unaware of the camera. The dialogue between the two is admirably spare, logical with the stubborn logic of childhood, re-imbued bringing reminders of an ordered life, it points the contrast with the life which they will presently (and temporarily) accept.

For the heart of the film is in their encounter with the Aborigine boy (David Gulpilil) who rescues and teaches them that the desert, like the jungle, is neutral. He survives in it by

Eloquent encounter

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL

AT THE Warner West End, a thriller tautly directed by Alan J. Pakula, Klite (Technicolor; X). Department, sex-murder; section, call-girls; sub-section, kinky. Jana Fonda brings her controlled nervous tension to the part of a call-girl who finds intellectual pleasure in the psychological manipulation of her clients; with his long mournful face Donald Sutherland, as the unswerving but romantically vulnerable private detective, is the right bloodhound. Persuasive script by Diane and Dave Levy; elegantly muted Technicolor; high in its class.

AT THE Plaza, an Italian-Yugoslav co-production, *The Deserter* (Technicolor; AA; with Bekim Fehmiu and John Huston), an Eastern Western. The savagery of the final massacre of the Apaches suggests Italian tastes; that apart, a reproduction looks for once like the real thing. But then it is directed by an expert in the genre, Burt Kennedy. Pretty good, in fact.

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BASED on a Mary Norton book, *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* (Odeon, Leicester Square; director Robert Stevenson; colour; U) is standard Disney—live action children, an ingenious but overwrought cartoon, a decent bit of ballet, some trick stuff with David Tomlinson repeatedly being turned into a white rabbit. Or rather this story of an amateur witch studying to save England from the Nazis would be standard Disney if it were not for the bewitching performance by Angela Lansbury. Good, anyway, for the kiddie in all—well, in most of us.

Mind-blowing

DEREK JEWELL

IT WAS a beautiful occasion, the return of Benny Goodman to the Albert Hall. The nostalgia and the aura of comfortable middle age about last weekend's audience was expected; so was the foot-tapping and finger-popping. Less predictable was the fervour—five encores and a final standing ovation which plainly shook Mr Goodman—and the way his clarinet-playing has retained its clair and swing and surprise.

At first he rode easily, teasing us with gentle quintet sounds and many introductions before unleashing the dimpled familiarities of "Sweet Georgia Brown" or "Memories of You"; but as the evening proceeded his tone grew hotter and his playing ever more audacious, building towards a really riotous "One O'clock Jump". Even on ballads, with the band sometimes playing rich plum-cake music (select fiddle dance, 1940s vintage), Goodman's clarinet would slice through the sound like a knife.

The British musicians hacked him nobly, especially the mighty Bobby Orr on drums, Bob Eofford on tenor saxophone, and the whole trumpet section, who variously caught the tones of Harry James, Ziegfeld Elman and Coorie Williams. The only element which was missing—and need it be?—was the wild vibraphone equivalent of Lionel Hampton.



Ariane Mnouchkine (right) rehearses the Théâtre du Soleil at the Roundhouse in "1789"

THE REVOLUTION'S MAID

PHILIP OAKES

NOBODY wrote "1789," the play about the French Revolution that's being performed at London's Roundhouse next week, although there's a text and even an English translation. It's a product, you might say, of revolutionary groupthink engineered by members of the Théâtre du Soleil, and riveted together by the group's founder and director, Ariane Mnouchkine.

It was five months in the making, and most of this year it has been drawing crowds—1,500 at a time—to a derelict armaments factory at Vincennes, a long Metro and bus ride from Paris, where the Théâtre set up shop. There's nothing like it in Britain. The equivalent, perhaps, would be if several dozen students from London University took over an abandoned bicycle factory at Wembly and siphoned off West End audiences for months at a time. It could, conceivably, happen. But what they would need to make it work would be their own Mnouchkine—not only a person, but a catalyst of genius.

Sbe detests being interviewed. She's a member, she insists, of a group. But there is little doubt that without Mnouchkine the group would not exist. She's thirty-two, tall and sallow, with a crop of tight, iron-greycurls like astronauts. Her mother was Belgian, her father Franco-Russian. In 1958 she came to Oxford to learn English, became involved in Anthony Page's production of *Coriolanus*, and decided there and then that she was for the theatre.

"I didn't want to act nothing like that. I wanted to make things. When I returned to France I found there was no student theatre, so I created one at the Sorbonne. That was the nucleus of the Théâtre du Soleil. We started with nine people in 1964. Now there are forty-two. We were a completely amateur group. We did jobs in the daytime and rehearsed every night from seven until midnight. "Naturally, we had no theatre.

We worked in a circus where we did a production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Arnold Wesker's *The Kitchen*. That was the moment, I'd say, when we ceased to be amateur. But we were thrown out, and for two years we had nowhere of our own to work."

"1789" came about when the group decided that they would create a play about the French Revolution—year one. "All we knew," says Mnouchkine, "is that we wanted it to be performed by acrobats. We decided that we had to learn about the French Revolution, all its aspects. So we went away and studied, then we formed four or five groups, each of which had to visualise a situation of the period. What they had to produce was an idea not of text, but of scene."

"You might think it a wasteful method, but I'm not sure. I had few conflicts with any member of the cast. And the final selection of what went into the play was made by everyone. Certainly, I'm the director and it's up to me to say 'You move here or there.' Put that light there. But it is the group that creates the play and often their improvisation is so good that I stay out of it altogether. Nothing of the play was made by everyone. Certainly, the company is a co-operative—not a commune because we don't wish to force that fact on to anyone before they are ready for it. We all get the same money. We work together all the time. We choose not to make films, or do television. At present it would interfere with the pattern of rehearsals. But we will have to wait and see what happens. After all, we have what we need—a big space and strong voices. For the rest . . . we can only hope."

There's one great advantage; we have it on a very low rent."

There are, of course, other advantages. "1789" is not performed on a single stage but on five rostra planted among the audience. The Revolution boils up at your elbow as you stand and watch. You become a participant—celebrating when the Bastille falls, disenchanted when the revolution is gently sliced from the hands of the People (inevitably, labels are worn), and set aside as a spectacle for the Bourgeoisie.

The parallels with the troubles of 1968 are plain to see. But Mnouchkine denies that this was planned. "It's not our fault that the play draws parallels. That was not our intention. We merely wanted to illuminate the period. In any case, to understand the student revolution of 1968 you first have to understand the events of 1789. I would not say that the Théâtre is actually political. Potentially activist, perhaps. But not really political."

The distinction is a fine example of bairn-splitting, and peculiarly French. But there's a nice irony in the fact that the Théâtre du Soleil subsists largely on a government grant, and their visit here for seventeen performances is largely due to the fact that no other French company—whatever their politics—is considered worthy of export.

—whether or not the grant will continue is another matter. Mnouchkine is keeping her fingers crossed. "We're not rich. The company is a co-operative—not a commune because we don't wish to force that fact on to anyone before they are ready for it. We all get the same money. We work together all the time. We choose not to make films, or do television. At present it would interfere with the pattern of rehearsals. But we will have to wait and see what happens. After all, we have what we need—a big space and strong voices. For the rest . . . we can only hope."

Very Private Life by Michael Frayn (Penguin 20s). A Fairy Story of the Future: cold comedy in Mr Frayn's style of *Uncumber*. The little girl who will be born into a world where every desire is instantly gratified, save primitive human warmth and contact. A morality along "Brave New World" lines.

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On the edge of discovery

PHYSICS AND BEYOND by Werner Heisenberg, translated from the German by Arnold J Pomerans/Allen & Unwin £3 pp 264

WILLIAM COOPER

A surprising number of them were Germans: among them Albert Einstein towered like a god, a god from without, contrasting with the Dame Niels Bohr, who towered like a god from within. Most of the conversations up to 1937 have as one is seeking. Meanwhile Nazism makes its appearance and German science is disrupted. Individual Behaviour. In The Face of Political Disaster (1937-1941) is poignant and frightening—though, oddly, it seems to carry less weight. The dialogues are on more familiar subjects—moral responsibility, what to do.

But after the War they gradually revert, though in a different mood, to the fundamental issue in theoretical physics, the search for a unified field theory. There is a moving account of the time in 1957 when Pauli thought he was getting the answer—and then died. Did he fail to get there because he was dying, or did he die because he was failing? . . . You can see why it's an extraordinary and fascinating book.

The record of Kent

KENT STATE: What Happened and Why by James A Michener Secker & Warburg £4.90 pp 560 LEWIS CHESTER

had been shot. There is the black student leader who, when asked why there was hardly a single black face among the thousands of students assembled before the shooting, said simply: "What was the difference? Education. We were killed."

This book is a record of those four days as seen from Kent State. Nobody should be deterred from reading about what is perhaps the ultimate modern American tragedy. None of the four who died could be classed as extremists (one was actually destined for a military career) though each, in varying degrees, exhibited a common disgust with the American war effort in South-East Asia. Some of the Guard who shot them down actually shared this disgust but after three days of clumsy bussing with the kids something snapped. In the last analysis they preferred to look ugly rather than ridiculous. But what emerges with painless clarity is that both sides were victims of a polarisation created elsewhere.

In a book spanning 550 pages much else emerges besides, though not all of it is of even quality. But the cast of characters it parades is riveting enough. There is the upper-middle-class girl, daughter of an engineer on the Nautilus, whose father taught her how to make atom bombs "for fun". There is the mother of three Kent students who felt that things might have been better resolved if all the students (including her offspring) had been shot. There is the black student leader who, when asked why there was hardly a single black face among the thousands of students assembled before the shooting, said simply: "What was the difference? Education. We were killed."

As luck (if that's the word) would have it the shooting occurred within the immediate vicinity of Kent's school of journalism and the talents of that faculty have been liberally used in assembling the data for this volume. Little of what happened on the university side of the argument is lost. Mr Michener however, has been less successful in penetrating the curtain of secrecy which was drawn around the twenty-eight guardsmen who actually fired the shots. There is scope for further investigation.

There is scope too for a less didactic work. Mr Michener has an eminent track record as a popular writer, stretching back to "Tales of the South Pacific" (on which the musical "South Pacific" was based) through "Sayonara" and "Hawaii" (now published by Corgi, 75p) but he seems out of touch with his raw material this time. His habit of coating every incident with severe grandfatherly judgments makes this book easier to put down than it ought to be. One is grateful to him for doing the initial spadework but the Kent State tragedy has yet to find the chronicler it deserves.

Royal addresses

THE THIRD VOLUME of Roger Fulford's edition of the correspondence between Queen Victoria and her eldest child, Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia, Your Dear Letter (Evans £4 pp 246), selects like its predecessors about one-quarter of the whole. The letters with few exceptions are published for the first time, and they yield the most vivid and sustained impressions obtainable from any source material of the personalities of mother and daughter.

"If old Mama has a merit," the Queen wrote, "it is that of truth and the absence of all flattery," and the future German Empress opened her mind with equal uninhibited confidence. Although tormented, for example, by an inability to cease rejoicing over Prussian victories in the war against Austria which she considered a crime, she dismayed her mother by advocating the necessity of using the oil complex to subdue Prussia: "I hope that your husband's ambition drives Major-General Townshend to an inland venture up the Tigris, from the typewriter end to the perilous weekend position as a quarterback with the Detroit Lions. Everyone knows this variety of rugger to be as vicious as a serpent. Mr. Pitt makes a fair case for its being twice as dangerous."

The Siege by Russell Braddon (Mayflower 40s). Military history, popularly written in the best sense. The original Mesopotamian expedition was designed simply to avert a Persian invasion. The Persian ambition drove Major-General Townshend to an inland venture up the Tigris, from the typewriter end to the perilous weekend position as a quarterback with the Detroit Lions. Everyone knows this variety of rugger to be as vicious as a serpent. As I Walked Out (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 25s) is the richly poetic story of his first love affair with that tormented country, culminating in the Civil War, a "Rose for Winter" marks. His return, is woven into six essays on and around Andalusia.

Very Private Life by Michael Frayn (Penguin 20s). A Fairy Story of the Future: cold comedy in Mr Frayn's style of *Uncumber*. The little girl who will be born into a world where every desire is instantly gratified, save primitive human warmth and contact. A morality along "Brave New World" lines.

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Philip Magnus

we are, before God, all alike, and in the twinkling of an eye, the highest may find themselves at the feet of the poorest and lowest. She praised the North English and, above all, the Scots for an independent attitude towards mere rank and wealth, "which will not brook being treated with contemptuousness."

Roger Fulford is an expert editor. He contributes exactly the right amount of helpful, elegant, unobtrusive annotation and must forgive one expression of regret. He has again excised all vehement underlinings because it did not seem "sensible to repeat" them, and the letters are drained in consequence of an ingredient of their savour. (He suggested with disarming candour in a previous volume that he wished to spare readers the extra expense which printing them today would entail.)

Daphne Bennett's biography of the Empress Frederick (Collins-Harvill Press £3.50, pp 382), is very well written and constructed. The background is admirably handled; a clear, sympathetic and convincing portrait emerges, and the book should deservedly attract a wide public. It is a pleasure to welcome a first work of such distinction and promise, but the opening sentence is puzzling. It emphasises the use made by Mrs Bennett of unpublished material, the nature, location and significance of which remain undisclosed.

In Victoria and Her Daughters (Weidenfeld & Nicolson £2.50) Nina Epton taps unpublished correspondence between Sir Henry Ponsonby and his wife. The Queen came to need the full-time assistance of at least one daughter and resident son-in-law because she had no real confidence in her sons. "God knows," she wrote in a letter printed by Mr Fulford, "if my misfortune had not changed everything, all would be different. But, as my life is made up of work, I must live as I find I best can in getting through that work." Full time attendance upon their mother was an exacting employment undertaken successively by Princesses Alice, Helena and Beatrice; and Nina Epton's chatty book is shrewd but perceptive.

The Queen, who often criticised upper-class materialism, was shocked by symptoms of "that terrible Prussian pride" which her grandson, William, began early to display. "In our days," she wrote, "when a Prince can only maintain his position by his character, pride is most dangerous. And then, besides, I do feel so strongly that,

SATURDAY 4
Jehane Markham
I discovered with sadness
That all men have the same expressions.
It saddened me I thought
They could be different but
Even the hands
New hands which I love
Even these
Hold my head with the same tenderness.

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AT LAST, E. M. Forster's "unpublished" homosexual novel, about which we have been hearing for some forty years.

It was written in 1913-14, the period was 1912. It could not, of course, have been published then, a mere twenty years after the Oscar Wilde affair, or in the Twenties when Radclyffe Hall's *Lesbian novel*, *The Well of Loneliness*, got into such trouble, or in the Thirties—except abroad; and there would seem something rather uncharitable about publishing abroad a book that is so gloriously English as if it had something in common with Frost or Gide or Joyce—or Lady Chatterley. And in the Forties? That would have been doing Goebels' work—and after that, when Forster had become the Sacred Faiden Aunt of English letters, keeper of the Bloomsbury Conscience, it might have damaged his image.

Even in 1960 he was writing:

Happiness is its keynote—which by the way has had an unexpected result: it has made the book more difficult to publish. The *Wolfenden Report* becomes law, it will probably have to remain in manuscript. The *Wolfenden Report*, he surmised, would be indefinitely ejected, police prosecutions would continue. It might have struck him that the lot of the consenting adult could well have been improved by legislation when he had undertaken much earlier if he had published his book when it was written, at least in the Twenties or Thirties. Public opinion would have had to take note of it and Forster, though he might have suffered some obloquy, had nothing to lose, being, like Gide and Proust,

of independent means. Was it a failure of nerve? It looks like it. He continued to work on the novel all his life.

Forster is closer to Gide than to any other English writer (see his remarks on *Le Fox Monnaeux*) and even Gide has been shocked by the outspokenness of Proust; his "Corydon" (written in 1911, published in 1923), a Socratic dialogue, is merely a biological defence of homosexuality, and a student would have had difficulty in finding a novel which told us what homosexuals actually do.

Maurice, however, is not true to Forster's principle of introducing the reader in an off-hand way at the breakfast-table. It is a direct narrative, written with sustained lyricism, and shows the quality of a novelist at the height of his powers: it would have been well able to take its place between "Howard's End" and "A Passage to India" as a long short story or short novel in a vein of comedy absent from the others.

But by now the element of dating is fatal, like foxing on a book. It's not all that important, but one can't ignore it. We can make allowances for what dates as it was once contemporary, even as the fored pages were once immaculate, but there's something artificial when a book is born dated.

Two things date: the language, especially the language of love,

Corydon in Croydon

MAURICE by E M Forster/Edward Arnold £2

CYRIL CONNOLLY

and the platonic ragging and romping of those two splendid fellows—Maurice Hall, the suburban hearty, and Clive Durham, the sensitive young squire, both "varsity" men as Maurice puts it. Fellow romp in "Look Back in Anger" you might say—or in the Embassies of *Guernica*, the *Guernica* of Graham Greene, or in the well-directed pillow

hit the churlish harlot" school

of fiction. Proust wrestled with Albertine. Perhaps it's what they say:

"Wow that hurts!" cried the other joyously. "Wow that's good!" "I'm going," he said between Maurice's knees. "Well, why don't you go if you're going?"

"Because I can't go."

It was the first time he had dared to play the squire.

There's nothing but ragging for many days after that . . .

Sexual terminology, once dated, is often very odd.

"Spending" and "swiving" are caskets in point even "pleasuring" and "yarning"—but what about "sharing," apparently a working-class word since it is first used by the amorous young gamekeeper who replaces the stuffed-shirt young squire as the lover of suburban Maurice? "I do long to talk with one of my arms round you and then place both arms round you and share with you,"

he writes, and Maurice asks his hypnotist doctor (who would have been his analyst ten years later):

"You mean that a Frenchman could share with a friend and yet not go to prison?" "Share? Do you mean 'rite'?" replies the Frenchman. If he's any age, and avoid public indecency certainly."

Maurice's mother lived near London, in a comfortable villa, among some pines. His father is dead, he has two sisters, he

will go into the family business (stockbroking). He's been

to school, played football in a dull public school, and goes up to a dull college; it is never made clear why he is homosexual and when he

falls in love with Clive Durham, the brilliant senior fastidious

"apostle-type" of undergraduate, friend of the sinister Risley (Lyton Strachey), it is Durham

who would seem the true homo-

sexual. Maurice the temporary

one, like many an easy-going

adolescent who falls in with the

homosexual mores of a university

before going on to marry his best friend's sister.

It is part of Forster's art that

it is not Clive but Maurice who

turns out to be the incurable—with considerable irony.

Durham could not wait. People

were all around them, but with eyes that had gone intensely blue he whispered: "I love you." Maurice was scandalised, horrified. He was shocked to the bottom of his suburban soul and exclaimed: "Oh, rot! Durham, you're an Englishman, not another. Don't talk nonsense. I'm not offended, because I know you don't mean it, but it's the only subject absolutely beyond the bounds of public indecency certainly."

But two years later Durham is writing to him "Against my will I have become normal. I cannot help it" while Maurice is blurting out to his family doctor "I'm an unspeakable of the Oscar Wilde sort" and Dr Barry replies "Never let that evil hallucination, that temptation to England, out of your head again." Clive married (can it be unintentional) when the Master makes him say "Anne's dear little hole may grow in the night?" and Maurice finds physical satisfaction for the first time, aged 24, with Clive's uninhibited young gamekeeper, Alec Scudder, with whom he resolves to live happily ever after.

Forster mentions that Lyton Strachey (the real one) wrote to him that this affair was based on lust and curiosity and could not last more than six weeks, but Forster, who had met Edward Carpenter and listened to his Whitmanesque theories, was convinced that his ending must be happy and that the two friends must confront society and go into exile together.

Happy days! "It was a dinner jacket evening—not tails because they would only be three."

Since Forster kept on revising his book and has left us some notes on his characters, where it belongs "to an England where it was still possible to get lost, to the last moment of the green-wood" one must give him the benefit of the doubt for every moment when we are tempted to scoff. Platonic love between men was for long the backbone of empire, it was bred with responsibility, honesty, and leadership in the public schools, and it is had luck on Forster if Freud has taken the whole latency period (which could last a lifetime) out of cold storage since those Cambridge summers which be describes so nostalgically.

Much more dates, too—the serene class-consciousness of the "Varsity man," their dreadful mothers and sisters patronising the servants, even the poor.

They haven't suffered we should hope. Anne looked disapproving but she felt she had entrusted her hundred pounds to the right kind of stockbroker.

The story opens with a brilliant vignette of Maurice among ushers, at his prep school, being instructed in the facts of life. It closes in his duel with the soul of the gamekeeper with Clive's newly appointed rector, the Reverend Mr Borenius, who proclaims that:

"Where there is bereavement, misery will sooner or later ensue. Until all sexual irregularities and sins of men become general, the Church will never reconquer England."

Happy days! "It was a dinner jacket evening—not tails because they would only be three."

HUGH GREENE

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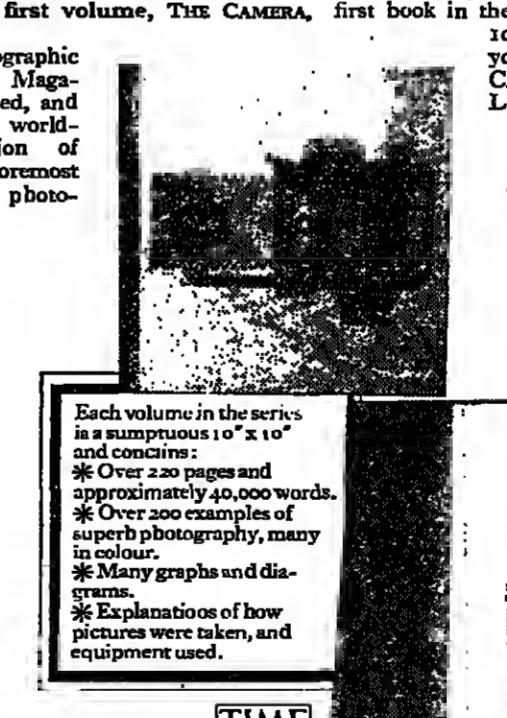
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Our culture in danger

LIFE AND LANGUAGE

GEORGE STEINER

BY HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

of his terms and images-synopsis, lemma, polysemic, etc.-are drawn from syntax and grammar. He is a drot, a rufus of language, and we laymen may be impatient of his devotion. Let me therefore turn to his thesis and try to disengage it from the constraining liturgy by which it is almost strangled.

Mr Steiner begins by recognizing that the roots of present anti-culture are to be found in culture itself. Our modern nihilism is not the hatred of outer barbarians: it is the indirect product of the same culture which it challenges, an antibody naturally generated within it. This is not, however, a novel position, and Mr Steiner's first chapter, in which he traces the development of such nihilism out of the "ennui" of the nineteenth-century success-story, is a brilliant and suggestive essay, though a historian might dissent from some of the more sweeping generalizations.

It is a legitimate question. After all, we have inherited a language which is, happily, capable of clarity. Mr Steiner has complete command of it. He also has something to say. Why should we require us to helpon our poor brains in order to learn his message? What does he mean by "museums" which emerge at the end of a "spectrum" or by "the spent counters of energising vision" or by a "marsh-gas" of "vacuity" which "thickens" at the "nerve-ends" of intellectual life, or by a past which drives "rats' teeth" into "the grey mass" of the present and thereby "sows wild dreams"? It may be that today "our dialectics are binary," that "we lack a history of the future tense" (at least until Mr Steiner produces his new "phenomenology of grammar"), and that much of "our mental performance transpires in a middle zone of personal eclecticism." But before assenting to these propositions I would like to know what they mean.

And what, I ask, is the science of "ontology" to which Mr Steiner knowingly refers at least seven times? I am relieved, however, to learn that

the ontological and hermeneutic aspects of the modulations between a language-culture and art, explored, for example, in Heidegger, Fanon, etc., are too demanding to be touched on here.

For this relief, much thanks.

I emphasize this point about Mr Steiner's language because it is not only an obstacle to the understanding of his thesis. It is also (if I understand it) essential to that thesis. For Mr Steiner is one of those writers who make high claims for language, seeing it as the central machinery of philosophy and life. That, no doubt, is why so many overcharge it, and why so many

of past literature, and "the unbroken arc of English poetry," from Chaucer to Eliot, has been pushed aside into the museum of the literary specialists, where "felt life" is replaced by "archival pseudo-vitality." This discontinuity, he says, is crucial; and regrettably bidding farewell to such now unintelligible works as *Lyricas*, with its outworn unrecognisable allusions, he foresees a new era of "democratic" culture, dominated by mathematics and music: computer mathematics and pop music.

I share his regret, and if I despaired of education-if I believed that present fashions were permanent and present folly irresistible-I might even acquiesce in his conclusion. However, I am not prepared so easily to abnegate my own function, and I would like to begin the rescue of our language, and of the literature which is linked to it, by appealing for a return to its ancient virtue of clarity. And I appeal with greater confidence because Mr Steiner's thesis is contradicted by his own practice.

For if *Lyricas* becomes unintelligible to modern youth, who no longer recognise Virgilian echoes or Biblical allusions, how can they hope to understand the even more recondite language in which Mr Steiner tells them so?

Yet once more, o ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtle bough, with thy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries, harsh and crude . . .

When time has washed away all topical or literary allusions, these words will still, I think, be more intelligible than Mr Steiner's statement that "the ordered density of remembrance hinges on the prodigal exactitudes of Indo-European practises," and the allegorical consequence that "the time-death couplet of a classic structure of personal and philosophic values is in many respects similar." Similarly, "Similar to the first and Dante's phrase (though seven centuries old), 'shut the door of the future,' clearer on the whole, than Mr Steiner's 'explanation' of it, 'i.e. relinquish the ontological axioms of historical progress'" (I find these two letters "i.e." delicious). Nor does Mr Steiner do much to help modern youth towards understanding those classical allusions whose loss he deplores. Having told his readers that "because it carries the past within it, language, unlike mathematics, draws backward" he adds the oracular comment, "this is the meaning of Eurydice." On which I can only say, no less firmly, it isn't.

On one fundamental matter I agree with Mr Steiner. Like him I regard language as important far beyond its mere immediate utility. But whereas he sees danger mostly in the evacuation of literary language, I would argue that the corruption of clear language can be even more disastrous. For language is not only a store of images or a reflection of social forms; it is also an instrument of thought which, if perverted, can be a means of hypnosis or deception.

Nowhere has the academic version of language been carried further than in the German universities whence so much muddy philosophy has flowed over the Western world. I beg Mr Steiner to reflect, as a serious truth, that if German society so passively accepted the horrors perpetrated in its name, part of the reason may be that in an astrotic polyphony belatedly revolting against the inflexible command of Moses in the oasis of Kadesh, but in the cosy anaesthesia more recently introduced into inattentive minds, by pretentious jargon.

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BETWEEN 1066 and 1939 by far the most formidable enemy we ever had to confront was Napoleon. Perhaps this explains why we have written so many books about his career. By exalting his genius we indulge in self-praise, like a big game hunter displaying on his floor the skin of the outsize tiger that almost killed him.

There has, however, been no English biography of Napoleon, I believe, since Mr Felix Marham's in 1963, which was scholarly but dry. In *Napoleon* (Collins £3.50 pp 480) Mr Vincent Cronin offers two further reasons for returning to this backneyed yet ever fascinating subject: first, a lot of new material about Napoleon has not yet appeared in English; secondly, previous biographers have presented not a living, breathing man, but a monster with glaring contradictions in his character. Well, in my view the new material is unimportant, and the contradictions in his character do glare, though Mr Cronin conceals them by gliding rapidly over most of his defects. Even so his book must be pressed upon the general reader: it is so lively and so well-written, I also enjoyed it because so little space is given to the battles.

Napoleon is here presented as a high-minded idealist who spread progressive notions and practices throughout the countries he ruled, even after he had crowned himself as Emperor. He was an ardent admirer of intellect, concentration, imagination and memory gave him the makings of a supreme scientist, but were devoted to the pursuit of glory through conquest. His aggressiveness made him increasingly intolerant of criticism, cynical and self-complacent. After skilfully playing on the Great Powers against one another, he thus finally united all of them against himself.

I am not suggesting that he was a mere adventurer intoxicated by personal ambition. He did see himself as a champion of the Enlightenment, a destroyer of feudalism, religious intolerance, serfdom and the use of torture. Yet he could never distinguish between his own interests and those of his country.

He had extraordinary charm, when he chose to use it, was considerate to his personal servants, genuinely attached to some of his marshals, far too fond of his own family and devoted to Josephine. He scribbled over and over again on scraps of paper: "My God, how I love you!" and "You are all

more barn than good, because he imposed a rigid censorship and required the artist to churn out propaganda.

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The details selected by Mr Cronin are always of interest, but often misleading. We are told, for instance, that Napoleon stopped the castration of boys for the papal choir, but not that he re-established slavery in those Caribbean islands where it had been abolished, that he gave enlightened laws to the countries he occupied, but not that tariffs within the Empire sacrificed their economies to the interests of France. He was always short of money and his banking and their technology.

So far as I can judge with no expert knowledge, Mr Cronin is accurate in almost all the facts he gives, and also in his odes upon books about Napoleon, including upon the many personal memoirs, usually biased. Even when questioning his conclusions, I admired his skill in narrative. Like his study of Louis XIV, this book (which has been carefully produced) is absorbing throughout.

"INTIMATE BEHAVIOUR" is a Desmond Morris again, with a theme continuous with those of *The Naked Ape* and *The Human Zoo*. In the new book (Cape £1.95) the emphasis is on the human animal's need to love and be loved—or, more specifically, to touch and be touched.

The moment of birth involves the loss of the protective contact of the womb, and growing up progressive loss of nourishing and soothing contact with the mother. But the adult still has a need for physical contact, and too often this is not adequately met even in sexual union. In the impersonal urban world he turns in on himself, shutting himself off even from those who could be closest, making do with substitutes which provide only inadequate reflections of the comfort that he needs. Few will nowadays doubt the importance of this theme of alienation. Morris claims to approach it as a zoologist: what special qualities should that bring?

First, we might expect bard data about what people actually do. The book does in fact abound with quantitative statements based on "personal observations backed up by a detailed analysis of 10,000 photographs . . . from newspapers and magazines." Apparently a detailed report on menstrual periods is still being compiled by a curious inversion of the scientific method. The conclusions seem to have been derived before the analysis.

The data are of the type "two thirds of all hand-shaking is done between males"; unfortunately they are not always relevant to the question discussed, which here is whether men are more likely to shake hands at meeting, not whether they are responsible for a higher proportion of the handshakes that occur.

If the data are not quite firm, does the zoologist come armed with some of the conceptual distinctions or insights useful on his home ground? Here again Morris often slips up. For instance, it is a truism that a correlation between two phenomena does not prove the causation of one by the other—but Morris frequently commits this blunder.

For example, young men have tight stomach muscles and passionate love affairs; therefore, argues Morris, the correct preventative for a middle-aged spread is to fall in love! A similar confusion between the consequences of behaviour and its biological function pervades nearly every chapter. For instance, if female maturity brings as a consequence a figure less likely to attract unattached males, this

Morris certainly has a zoologist's perceptive eye. He is at his best discussing details of behaviour—the different ways of waving and when we use them, or the contexts in which male embraces are socially permissible. Many of his interpretations are ominously plausible: that the wide use of epaulettes is related to the manner in which they exaggerate a male secondary sexual character, and that modern ultra-tight jeans convey a similar signal to the cod-piece, is not unlikely. But he repeatedly gets carried away—breasts are attractive because they resemble buttocks, cigarettes because they

resemble the breast, hotel rooms in so far as they resemble the nursery. It is fun to caper about like this, but it is not science. And anyone who thinks popular science must be imprecise should re-read Julian Huxley's essays of the Thirties.

If the biology is a little flimsy, perhaps Morris's academic background permits him to make use of other disciplines? But I bathe to think what anthropologists will think of refined "culture" which can be stripped away. Or of what historians will think of his ability to select examples from this period or that, from aristocracy or peasantry, to make a point about the difference between modern sexual manners and those of "long ago."

But perhaps this is all too heavy. Many of Morris's remarks ring true, and one repeatedly recognises oneself in his descriptions of human behaviour. It is good to see oneself as part of the human race, and to come to terms with one's animal origins. Anyway, I believe he is writing with his tongue in his cheek. His style, if you get over the bugaboo of pretentiousness ("The adult female of the human species is unique amongst primates in possessing a pair of swollen, hemispherical mammary glands" and the occasional corn "from the womb to the tomb").

"From the rock of the cradle . . . to the rock of ages", is racy and entertaining.

Why not sit back and enjoy his quantitative analysis of changes in the shape of the navels of artist models (they are less round than they used to be) or his description of a Japanese technique for covert masturbation in public. After all, it is only Desmond Morris caricaturing Desmond Morris.

NAPOLEON

VINCENT CRONIN

BY RAYMOND MORTIMER

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, was his favourite novelist.

Once Mr Cronin, it was his romantic imagination that inspired the Egyptian Expedition which might easily have proved more disastrous than it did, the march to Moscow and, still more rash, the return from Elba, a hopeless gamble that caused innumerable deaths and left France smaller than it would otherwise have been. Though such failures in realism at different ages seem deep-rooted in his personality, his military genius was

Mr Cronin rightly blames Napoleon for under-rating the new strength of national feeling in Europe. The reason for this, he suggests, is that the Buonaparte brothers had cheerfully become French, because France offered advantages to Corsica. He also allows that two-thirds of the army destroyed during the retreat from Moscow were not patriotic Frenchmen but hapless foreigners from a dozen countries. Without any taste for cruelty Napoleon brought more misery to Europe than the most brutal and bigoted of other rulers.

How can Mr Cronin expect us

Charm amid the palms

UNLESS WE'RE Howard Hughes most of us never actually live in hotels but on the other hand nearly all of us use them as temporary homes at intervals. And how many of these hotels do we remember with any real pleasure? How many have we come across that don't fit into the cliché-type of old-fashioned "grand" hotel, "modern" American pretensions or small and scrubby? How many have a real style and personality of their own?

A small new hotel in London, Blakes Hotel, of 33, Roland Gardens, S.W.7, is one of the very few that I have come across. It has only 33 rooms and has been converted from two large adjoining Victorian houses.

It is the venture of Costa and Anouska Hempel who wanted to create a hotel that they themselves and their friends would want to stay in. Costa provided most of the financial organisation and Anouska was responsible for the visual side—from colour schemes down to which ashtrays they should have.

Anouska says that what she wanted was "a neutral" background for lots of colourful people. I didn't want people just to check in, put their bags down and rush off somewhere more amusing. I hoped they'd like being here, that there'd be a club feeling about it that we'd escape the stereotyped hotel thing. This is what we seem to have. All the same people keep coming back and they're lovely people.

"I wanted the hotel to be reasonably chic but not to look as if I'd tried too hard. You know, the white flowers in the white vase on the white table bit. I wanted a thirties feel but comfy and elegant."

Most of what Anouska aimed at she's got. The outer fascia tells at once that there's something different. Clean white lettering, grey-plate silvered glass and two giant palm trees greet the arrivals. Inside, the entrance hall and reception is cool and clean with tobacco carpet, low glass tables and cream seating units by OMK furniture.

The stairs, with white-painted scaffolding making an improvised but very successful halfturn, lead down to the restaurant and bar. White tiles are on the floor, there are black bentwood chairs and the black tables were designed by Anouska—black stove-painted Arkana bases, black Formica tops ringed with chrome.

The tables form little groups so eerily reminiscent of the 1930s that the ear keeps listening for a Palm Court orchestra to strike up. Dark tinted mirror glass is on the walls, spotlights on the ceiling and everywhere there are palm trees.

The room itself is almost all black so that it has what Anouska calls a "lovely womb-like" feeling that people seem to like. Here again there are OMK seating units this time in black, while OMK "bicycle" seats are the bar-stools. The whole effect is very cool and elegant, yet inviting.

From the ground-floor reception area the brown carpet runs up the stairs and into the bedrooms. The stairs and landing walls are white but from the top to the bottom run two stripes, one thin, one thick, of brown. Into the thick stripe the number of each room is incorporated in white—one of the neatest ways of numbering rooms I've seen. Spotlights are used throughout the hotel and on each landing there is a palm tree.

The bedrooms are small but each has its own bathroom, well-arranged and all in white. The colour schemes of the rooms vary slightly, but basically they are very simple: white furniture, white light fittings, white bedspreads, white television set. The bedroom in our photograph has mustard walls and linen curtains as well as coarse net curtains. In



Top: the "womblike" restaurant and bar. Bottom: a bedroom

each room there is an "antiqued" framed glass mirror which is so popular with the guests that go to make up an unusually charming hotel, showing what can be done if only somebody, somewhere, cares enough.

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LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

IF YOU DON'T have a stammer yourself, and haven't had to watch the agonised contractions of your friend's mouth when stammering you cannot know what hell they go through. Robin Harrison knows. He used to be a stammerer, or to be more precise, still is in the sense that he says you're never really cured.

Because he knows what it's like, and knows how much encouragement stammerers need, he has formed a club to help them. They meet on a Wednesday evening in Kensington to try to master their stammers and have a social get-together. There is no charge ("I'm too close to stammerers to want to charge," says Robin Harrison) and everybody is free to come and go as they like.

Robin Harrison says that nearly everybody gets very much better in just a few months after joining and that about 20 per cent of sufferers become completely changed people.

He himself started to stammer at the age of nine (the normal age when first noticed, and very seldom seen before seven). "By the time I was 12 or 13 it was much worse and I began to realise how big a handicap it was. Between the ages of 15 and 20 I wouldn't even go into shops and was leading a totally negative life. When I was 25 I was very very bad. I couldn't pass exams because of the stammer and I'd never had a job.

"My mother then arranged for me to be 'cured'. It cost her about £3,000 but she had it and was prepared to pay.

"After I got so much better I spent about three years helping other stammerers and that helped me even more. Now I own and run a garage.

"We find at the club that those who have been helped themselves are always very keen to come back and help others. We use standard methods, re-educating in how to speak right from the beginning, and then we teach certain tricks or crutches to get over difficult words or sounds.

"It is fascinating to see how

quiet people are when they first come and how after a few weeks they become quite new people.

It's very difficult for someone to find people who specialise in curing them. There are speech therapists but they don't specialise in stammering. There are also an awful lot of quacks who can separate you from an awful lot of money. This is why I started the club."

Anybody who is interested in the club should write to Robin Harrison at 3, William Street House, London, S.W.1.

THIS weekend's labourers in the vineyards of Mouton Rothschild (many of them English) are no doubt treating the job with a new reverence after the phenomenal sale of a jumbo of the 1929 vintage for £2,850.

We asked Philippe Cottin, managing Director of Mouton, to work out how much money the jumbo (six bottles) left Mouton for all those years ago. He had a look at the books and discovered they sold it to a wine merchant in Bordeaux for £8.50. He was at the sale at Sotheby's and was prepared to bid £500 to bring it back to Mouton since it's the only one in the world. It was for sentimental reasons, he said, but the French aren't sentimental.

THE TENACITY with which the Inland Revenue cling to the vestiges of sex discrimination brings tears to the eyes.

Mrs Jeanette Hobby of Lynton, Hampshire, had had her position in life made clear by her local inspector of taxes. The taxman agreed with Mrs. Hobby that married women were now to be taxed separately, but women will not get tax relief, it will go to their husbands.

Mrs Hobby wanted to know about her marriage which she and her husband jointly have. The answer came back quite clearly: Relief will only be given to

Englishmen never will be slaves. Only Europe Peons.

KAY VONDERLAGE

It is fascinating to see how

your husband (even though you may be making half the payments to the building society)."

As Mrs. Hobby says, perhaps a tax relief awarded to a woman might go to her head.

SOME people think our taxi-drivers are wonderful. The Queen has just received a cheque for \$10 which was asked to trace a driver (as if she knew every one of her local subjects personally) who did an American visitor to London a favour.

Mrs Martha M. Tucker from Miami apparently left some goodies in a taxi and had them restored to her later at her hotel by the taxi-driver. She showed her gratitude by making out the cheque to "Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth" for her trouble and enclosing another \$10 as a reward for the driver.

The Chief Accountant of the Privy Purse sent the cheque and reward on to the Licensed Taxi Drivers' Association, suggesting the money goes into their benevolent fund Biscayne Levinson, the taxi-driver author who runs their magazine Taxi. He was almost smirky about the act of honesty that so impressed Martha Tucker from Miami: "It's happening all the time."

A BOLT the "blind dinner" Look! threw to test gourmet frozen food: Egon Ronay says that he strictly observes three self-imposed rules when invited to a dinner party. To have a minimal lunch on the day so as not to have to refuse any of the food at dinner; to eat everything on his plate; and not to hurt the feelings of hostesses who and only have his plate in particular; and to praise every morsel of food he has had, particularly when the hostess is his editor's wife.

ENGLISHMEN never will be slaves. Only Europe Peons.

KAY VONDERLAGE

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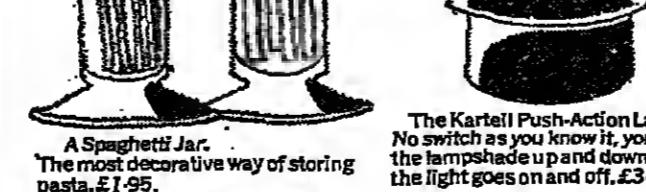
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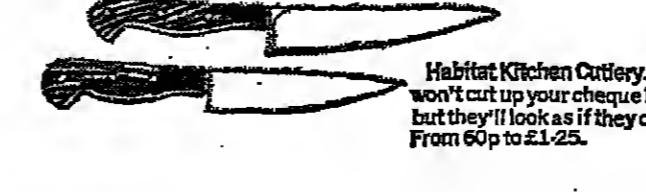
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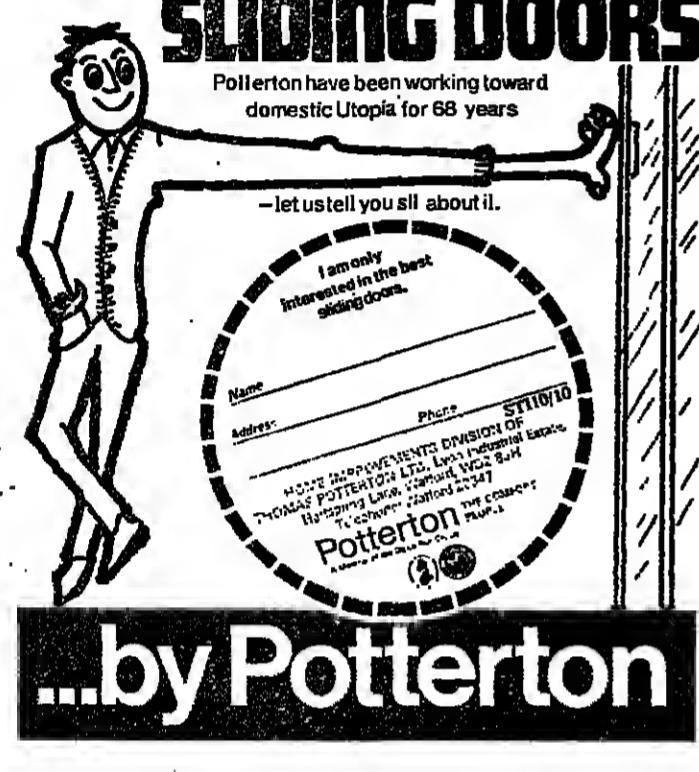
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LOOK!

His clothes and hers

Jill Bennett and John Osborne

JILL: We met at a dinner party of Kenneth Tynan's. John was sitting next to me. "What a very nice profle" he said. "Would you like my meat?" It pleased me enormously. I had been feeling particularly depressed about my nose.

John: She refused the meat.

JILL: We were married to other people at the time. It's three and a half years since our wedding but we've been together for five. As I've got older things have become better and better. I was never good at being young. In my teens I was a very nasty mess, one and half stone heavier than now. An absolute lump of a thing. Chastity.

John: Not true. Never plump, always pleasing.

JILL: I had simply no idea how to present myself. Gradually I've learnt. I still wear the same colours. Sludgy beiges. Lots of browns. Subtle ones. John prefers them bright.

John: Better for gentlemen. Given a pallid personality a bit of a perk.

JILL: I'm very keen on cleanliness. We both are. On smelling nice. In this profession—

John: Such physical proximity.

JILL: BO is an occupational hazard.

John: Heads lolling in laps. Steaming jockstraps.

JILL: I change my scent all the time. Today I'm wearing Clandare by Paco Rabanne. But I'm mad about Guerlain's No. 90 and Caleche and Joy. And my mother buys me scents from Floris which are divine. John always wears whatever I have on. He never bothers with after shave.

SID SHEA blames a lot of it on Arthur Negus. "At one time," Sid says, "you could pick up some lovely stuff—round tables, old armchairs, nice bits of china. But now that blocks on television has put a stop to all that. It's just junk these days."

Sid is a totter, a rag and bone man. Arthur Negus is the bloke on television who tells how valuable their nice bits of china are. Now the nice bits of china and old armchairs go straight to the auctioneer and antique dealer, Sid, the man who depended on a public ignorance of the value of old things, has been cut out as a middle man.

It is all part of a general recession in London's totting trade. Antiques have gone, while good rags and good iron are hard to come by; people use artificial fibres and plastic instead. Totter's horses cost more to buy and hire and stable and feed. Stables are

John: After shaves are for pooves.

JILL: Revlon deodorants are gentle for natural juices. They don't seal you in for life like some. I've found when things aren't right between people it's their smell you go off quicker

John: Satin. Sensual stuff.

JILL: I wear stockings.

John: And suspenders.

JILL: I'm far too frightened of John to wear tights. He detests them.

John: Unhygienic. Nasty things.

JILL: Occasionally I've cheated.

John: Ah.

JILL: And felt rightly guilty as if I were being unfaithful.

John: Men's underwear isn't half as interesting to women.

JILL: That's not true. I adore him in his vests. Wildly sexy. He used to have a particularly touching one. Red, white, and blue it was.

John: My pants are rather conservative. Y-fronts, white.

JILL: I adore silky dressing gowns and nightshirts, we both wear those, from Turnbull and Asser, where we also get our shirts made. I'm not very keen on hairy legs. I have mine waxed every six months at Harrods, and sometimes my underarms, too, though it's all so fair that it hardly shows. John delights in claiming I have a moustache.

John: It only shows in the sun.

Sweet. Very attractive.

JILL: He used to have only a moustache but then grew his beard as well.

John: A conscious effort to be Cekovian, some say.

JILL: He gets his hair cut, it's just been done by

John: Gordon at Just Men.

JILL: I go to Wendy at Ivor's Place in Halkin Arcade. Every five days. I've followed her loyalty all over the place.

John: I've followed Gordon.

JILL: Once when we were wooing, I said: Tell me truthfully, is there anything of mine that

you hate? I shan't mind, just tell me.

JILL: "That pink coat, and dress you wear," he said. "It makes you look middle aged and frumpish." I couldn't believe it. It was the outfit I always kept for our extra special occasions. I minded terribly but I got rid of it right away. I gave it to the Ladies Theatrical Guild. I'm much more interested in clothes and how I look now because John's so keen on it.

John: Although there's so much

hysteria generated about fashion now, it rather puts me off the whole exercise. Brings out an extraordinary malevolence.



JILL BENNETT is wearing a Jean Muir dress in matte jersey, about £67. Jean Muir dresses: dresses from £50 to £70 long and short blouses £25 to £35; skirts £23 to £28.

Available from Lucienne Phillips, 69 Knightsbridge, SW1; Fortnum and Mason; Chic of Hampstead; Browns, South Molton St.; Olive Walton and Helen Parker, Birmingham; Julie

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Fitzmaur



JOHN OSBORNE is wearing a cashmere center from a selection costing £12 to £16. at Doug Hayward, and tortoiseshell trousers, £26 and overcoats from £55, at 95 Mount St., W1. Suits from him at £94.50 | Tel: 01-499 5574.

"OR a very long time people have asked me: 'Do you know whom you remind me of?'" Who? I would answer, as if I couldn't guess. "Why, Boris Karloff, they'd say 'you're the fitting image of him.' And hereby hangs a tale."

When I was about 25 I was determined to become a film star or a celebrated stage actor. I did round work, charging with the light Brigade, waving at Queen Victoria's coronation, cheering Napoleon, Gladstone and Bonnie Prince Charlie. Small parts were being played by Robert Donat, Mervyn Williams, Googie Withers and others about to scintillate. I actually spoke to them.

I moved into the theatre and got walking on parts. When here was music, I sometimes danced a few steps with the leading lady, before the male lead walked over and cut me out. When we opened once in Leeds, I was given a line to say to the heroine's mother. The line was: "Don't cry, Lady Grant. It must be some mistake."

I continued with this sporadic sort of theatrical life, and began to infiltrate into what people call "heavy" drama. These were talk-trot, terribly sincere, word-fuffed and sexless attempts at mounting theatrical gems in

My wife says I could trip on a tag paper: so mean feet—for a non-smoker. W.A. Clarke

Also starred Boris Carson

sordid settings, parish halls, welfare centres, expiring suburban theatres.

Every now and again, in Grimsby, in decaying Bayswater chapels, I would come across a young actor named Hilary Prescott. He was quite unlike any of the other casts, the false-breasted Ophelias and the elderly plottanderers with whisky-fuelled deliveries, dnomed jokers, etc, on their tenth life. Prescott didn't look like an actor; he was the picture of an SW solicitor or an architect.

About the fourth time of seeing him, while we were rehearsing for Mrs Warren's Profession, we had lunch together. "When you come into the rehearsal rooms for the first time," I told him, "you always look as though you'd arrived at the wrong address." Prescott laughed. "It should be Monte Carlo, really."

There was truth in this. He was a manly kind of cocktail roundsmen, and dressed with casual chic. With the ease and timing of a champion dancer, he strolled through the ruined orchards of Chekov, the dialectic avenues of Shaw and the dream-room anarchy of Wilde. He was through on the other side like a puff of wind, sinking a pint at the corner pub, ringing a debutante, scanning the evening papers for a White City cert.

I soon gave up the stage and

went to try my luck in Nice. I met a film producer called Rex Ingram, who had discovered Valentino.

One day he said he would give me a film test. At last, I told myself, I am on the brink of being discovered. I want to the seaside studios and was anointed with make-up, and told to play the part of a young Englishman who had just arrived in the garrison town of Kaar-Souk, and was given some silly-ass dialogue.

When I went back to the studio to ask for the result of my test, Rex Ingram waved, striding towards me through a huge set crowded with camels, sheep, goats, Zouaves, and Bedouins. "Hullo, Carson," he said. "I'm afraid it's no good. You look too much like Boris Karloff."

I returned to England, throwing up my film career, and procured a job, through someone's aunt, on the technical side of a film studio. I watched the steady rise of Donat, Williams and Googie Withers and the impeccable celluloid portrayals of Hilary Prescott, met him at select film parties, downed a few pints with him at the studio local. His name was beginning to blaze in the papers.

I went to see him during a performance of the Cherry Orchard, and around about his dressing room. "You have a pro-

found, quite un-English feeling for the characters of Chekov," I told him. Prescott wiped some cold cream from his nose. "To tell you the honest truth, old boy," he said, "I don't understand a damn thing about him or his plays. I can't follow the dialogue, staggers about like a drunken sailor. I'd hate to spend an evening with any of the characters. I'd never go near Moscow if you paid me a million

roubles."

Finally Prescott married a very rich woman and three or four months after the wedding, he asked me down to visit his new home, a moderately-sized, Tudor palace in Bedfordshire. I arrived in time for lunch, and was greeted by my host in opulent tweeds.

"I've given up the acting lark," he said, but seemed uneasy. He even forgot to introduce me to his wife.

When we all went into the dining room, it was exactly like a scene from one of those early plays where I had had a walking on part and said "Don't cry, Lady Grant, it must be some mistake." Mrs Prescott looked very handsome and wore gleaming pearls, and she and all the guests talked about home affairs, foreign affairs, local affairs, and even love affairs, but mostly dog shows.

Before leaving, I congratulated Hilary Prescott on his charming wife. "The trouble is," he said, "she's in a bad production. The dialogue is atrocious. The decor is stale art nouveau. The lighting lacks drama and as for the supporting cast, I ask you, utterly boring and provincial. How much better the Russians did it. Life in the raw, my dear fellow, is not for us artists."

He saw me to my car and was joined by Mrs Prescott. "Please come down again, Mr Karlow," she said, "I know that you and Hilary have so much in common."

Anthony Carson

at 402 Green Lane, Palmers Green, N13. Association members operate a postal service.

WE SUSPECT that a survey of suede-coat owners would reveal that very few are pleased with their suede-coat cleaners. Welcome, then, to the newly-formed Association of Cleaners of Suede and Sheepskin Cleaning.

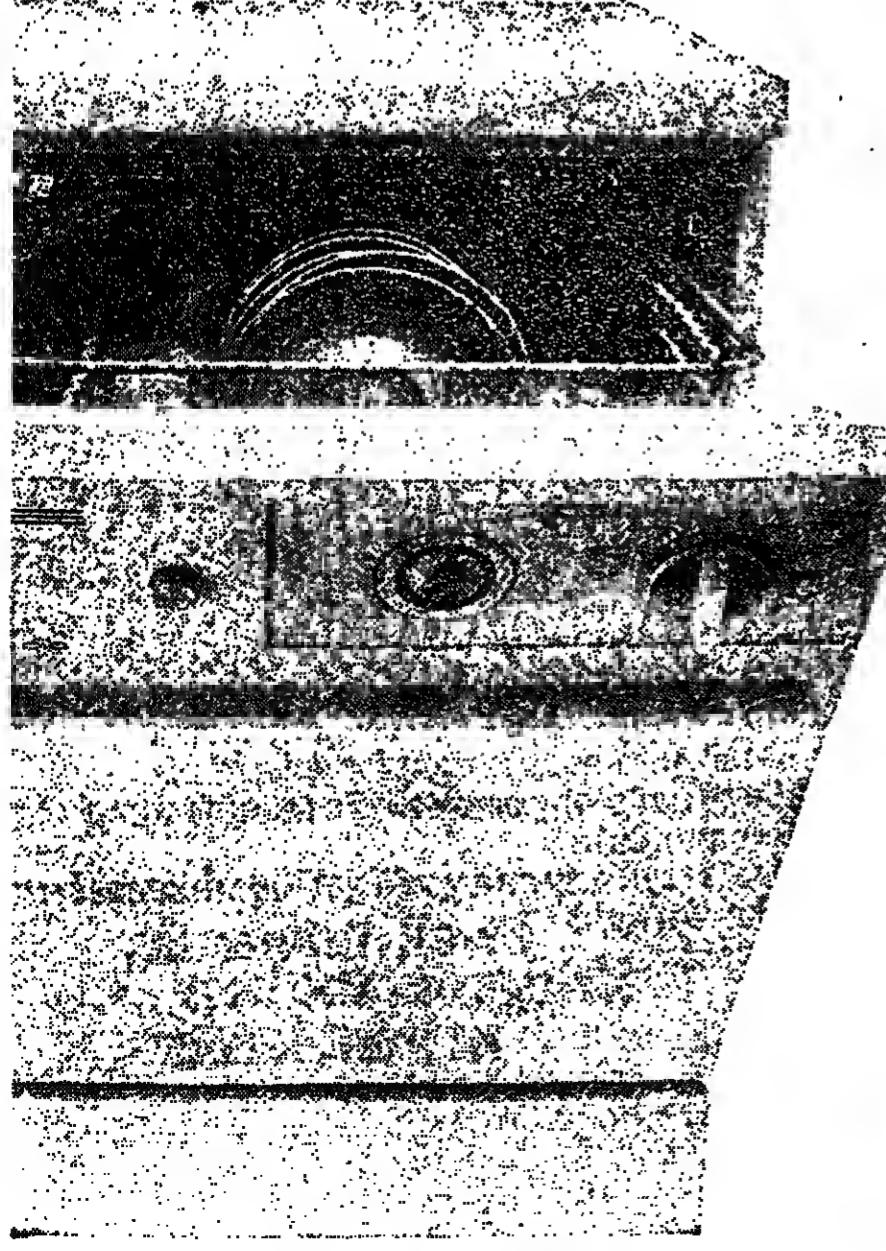
The association has been formed by Leon Simons, a London dry-cleaning specialist, and although it is operating at the moment only in North and North-West London,

For a list of members of the association, write to Leon Simons

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LOOK!

The voyeurs

I HAVE just done rather an odd thing. Indeed, I have been eating about in mind for some time in order to control its boldness, and I decided I had better ask you to imagine a civilisation in which eating has ceased almost altogether. Moreover, it is officially reprehended, as a sort of bestial regression. That should not be so difficult, for we are no longer astonished by the astronaut's mini-bulk diets and the attempts to circumvent the food crisis.

In this imagined society, then, nourishment exists, but not the great pursuit of eating nor the great arts of the kitchen. Human nature being in some degree irreducible, clubs spring up in special areas, the Reeperbahn and Sunset Strips of our imaginary towns. There one may — by dint of paying very large sums, entrance fees, cover charges and minimal consumption (an alcohol pill or a saline injection) — actually watch people actually eat.

Great pains are taken to depict the building up of appetite: first a glossy sucking pig with an astronomical price tag is shown in various attitudes before the audience, it with changing tints. Blackout. Then a series of tableaux of glutinous people laping towards a roast chicken on a string slithering up a greasy pole towards a Virginia Baked Ham, vainly embracing a sumptuous dessert imprisoned in a block of ice.

Closer and closer come the actors to the point of really putting food into their mouths and masticating. They drool, and the public address system relays prodigious sounds of slavering and stomach growling. They thrust imitation bananas and pawpaws into their mouths and slobber about them. They pretend to eat.

Everything is leading up to the last stage in the hour-long show, when four people will put food in their mouths, chew and swallow, thus, one assumes, initiating the whole process of digestion and defecation.

The eaters are not prodigious trenchermen; they may even have trouble tolerating the unfamiliar food when it is in their mouths, but they mime huge pleasure. When they are so sated they fill their mouths with jelly and let it dribble out. Sometimes they are droll, they go to bite a tomato which explodes in their faces or they don huge rubbery false teeth which bend about instead of biting.

One might wonder if they really eat or if they go backstage to be sick and collect their pay. Does their union demand colonial lavage? Perhaps the saddest thing is that they must perform this act for times, night after night.

The audience does not rise from its plush seats clapping for food. It does not suck its fingers, pick its nose or bite its nails, it simply watches and vaguely collects a form of pleasure it might have known but needs no longer strive for.

Have you guessed what odd thing it was that I did? I went to a club called Salamander in Hamburg and watched people perform the sex act or make love, as it is sometimes obscurely expressed.

The club belongs to a Marseillaise whose laurel-girt profile domin-

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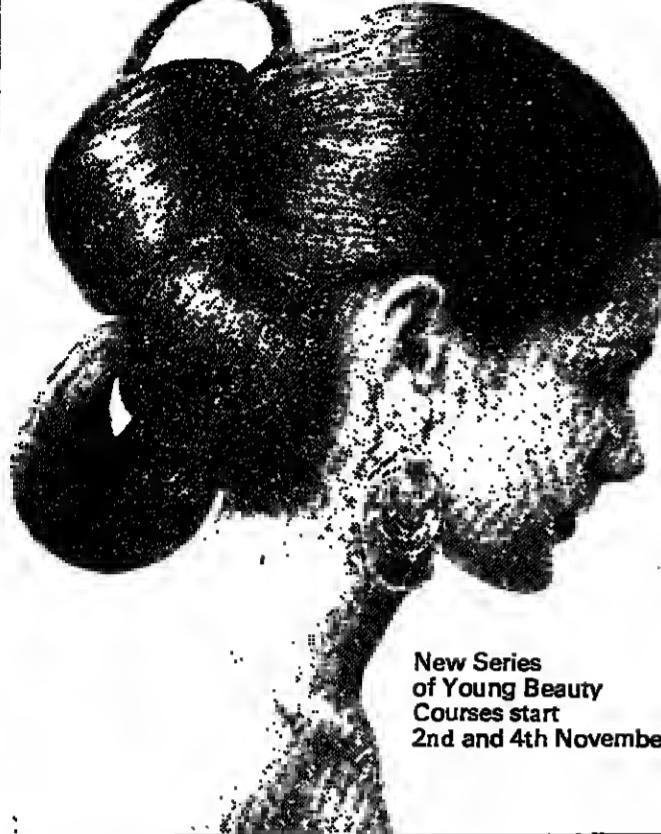
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Excellent position on quiet road, adjoining one with lovely views over farmland. Easy walk of

CHARMING CONVERTED DETACHED COACH-HOUSE. Lounge, dining, kitchen, rm., sun room, and shower. Tel.: 020-8261. HARRODS, as above, ext. 2800.

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NEW HOUSES IN AN EXCLUSIVE PRIVATE CLOSE
KENSINGTON, W.8

Off the South side of Edwards Square superior non-basement houses. Excellent well lit accommodation on two floors only. Principal Bedroom with bathroom en-suite, three other bedrooms, second Bath, sep. W.C. Two good Reception with double glazed doors to provide "through" room. Wide Entrance Hall, excellent Kitchen/Breakfast room, Cloakroom, Integral Garage. Central Heating. Walled garden/patios front and rear. LONG LEASES FOR SALE £42,500 (each).

HOUSES

ABBOTSBURY ROAD, KENSINGTON. MODERN FAMILY HOME. Adjacent HOLLAND PARK. 4 beds. 2 reception, cloak, kitchen, P. C.H. 60 yrs. £25,000 inc. fitted carpets. Garage. Over 60 yrs. approx. G.R. £25,000 inc. fitted carpets.

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HAMILTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON, W.8. 11 MODERN HOUSE. 3 beds. 2 baths. 1 (1 en suite). 2 reception, dining room, kitchen. Large garage. Garage. Over 60 yrs. approx. G.R. £24,000 with carpets and curtains.

CAMPDEN HILL, W.8. MODERNIZED DECORATED FLAT BY ROLLAND. 2 reception, 2 bedrooms, 1 bath, 1 (1 en suite). 2 good reception, cloak, kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 101. About 94 yrs. £23,500.

ROSSMERE COURT, PARK ROAD, W.8. 10 MODERN HOUSE. 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, 1 (1 en suite). 2 reception, dining room, kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500.

MAIDA VALE, W.8. 1000 FEET OF REGENT'S PARK. DELIGHTFUL MODERN TOWN HOUSE. 3 beds. 2 reception, cloak, kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500.

HYDE PARK STATE, W.2. SUPER MODERN HOUSE. OVERLOOKING GARDENS. 4 beds. 2 reception, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. 1 (1 en suite). Kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500.

HYDE PARK GARDENS Mews, W.2. DELIGHTFUL MODERN TERRACE HOUSE. WITH ROOF TERRACE. 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, 1 (1 en suite). Kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500.

RELBRAVIA, S.W.1. DOUBLE-FRONTED FAMILY HOUSE OFF BELGRAVE AVENUE. 5 beds. Cloakroom. 2 reception rooms, large kitchen. C.H. 60 yrs. £24,000 inc. fitted carpets and curtains. Solo Agents.

CHELSEA, S.W.1. 1000 FEET OF BELGRAVE AVENUE. 5 beds. 2 reception, cloak, kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500 inc. fitted carpets and curtains. Solo Agents.

MAIDA VALE, W.1. WELL-PRESENTED BACHELOR FLAT FOR SALE. Cred. fr. beds. with bath en suite. Sitting rm. Kitchenette. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500.

HYDE PARK GARDENS, W.2. SPACIOUS FLAT. EXCELLENT POSITION. OVERLOOKING GARDENS. 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, 1 (1 en suite). Kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500.

HYDE PARK STATE, W.2. SPACIOUS FLAT. EXCELLENT POSITION. OVERLOOKING GARDENS. 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, 1 (1 en suite). Kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500.

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CHURCH COACHING LANE, S.W.1. 3 beds. 2 reception, cloak, kitchen. C.H. & C.W. Day/night porter. 100. About 94 yrs. £23,500 inc. fitted carpets and curtains. Solo Agents.

By order of the Church Commissioners for England
A HANDSOME PERIOD HOUSE

17 Park Place Villas, Little Venice, W.2.

AN OUTSTANDING HOUSE OF GREAT CHARACTER AND CHARM. The property has recently been the subject of your considerable interest on behalf of the Commissioners. It is a superbly proportioned house for comfortable living and contains hot water. West facing landscaped garden. New decorations. Newly fitted kitchen.

The accommodation affords well proportioned bright rooms.

4 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS, 3 RECEPTIONS, KITCHEN, CLOAKROOM, C.H. & C.W., LANDSCAPED GARDEN.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION OCTOBER 20th, 1971.

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How to push baby ahead

ONE REASON for shortcomings on returning to England after a holiday in Italy (and off-hand I can't think of any others) is the quality of the respective television programmes.

Our borrowed villa coming equipped with two-burner sat, I watched a fair amount and can report that Italian programmes are almost exactly 17 years behind our own. One is exactly the same seven days a week: *Italian Chronicle*—inconsequential snippets of unnewsy film-clippings which the BBC used to pull up a clock or three long minutes apart over several days. One Western about a shopkeeper who has gun-slinging reputation foisted on to him, is then challenged by a real gunman. Russell Rouse directed 1956 but was stars *John Ford*, *Broderick Crawford* and *Jeanne Crain* who really knew the idea and clinched.

4.45 *The Golden Slab*: *Bob Monkhouse*—the fastest in the game—is lost to *Patrick Allen* for funds.

5.35 *The Flaxton Boys*: now the crooks are out to steal

6.05 *News from ITN*: Seven Days. *Nile Scott* chairs audience-discussion

6.55 *Savv's Pals*: *The Lord Mayor of London* pleads

7.00 *Stars on Sunday*: *Max Bragges*, *Grace Nichols*, *Bill Simpson*, *Grace Nichols* help make us feel.

7.25 *The Eclipse*: the Inspector plays a holiday.

7.35 *Tim Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*: Tennessee Williams lifts the lid over the shooting—an upside-down skin

9.25 *Eyeless in Gaza*: 5. final installment of *Autous Hockey* novel, *Violin virtuoso* once believed to have sold his soul to the Devil. Exponents are *Ruggero Ricci*, *John Williams* and *New Phil*.

9.45 *Upstars*: *Downton*: promising

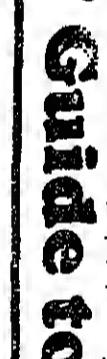
10.10 *News*: *Keneth Kendall*, twin sisters competing for the same man; result is murder. *Glen Clark* and *Dave Dadds* directed.

10.10 *Parlour*: *John Mills* guarantees victory for his second of *Bette Davis* (trio with two Beets) for the price of one, she's twin sisters competing for the same man; result is murder. *Glen Clark* and *Dave Dadds* directed.

10.10 *Orchids*: *There Was An Old Person*—called Lear. *Joe Mallin* miscast as *Edward Lear*, king of the nonsensical rhymes. *John Betjeman* interviewed Victorian who never came to life with love of only his own world of fantasy. Awfully stagy.

11.10 *Parlour*: *The Barnsley ear*: *Barbara* returns in a new series; *Dirk Bogarde* is first guest.

11.55 *Weather*.



Barrie in Diamond as *Hammerhead* . . .

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